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June 23, 1979 Price One Dollar

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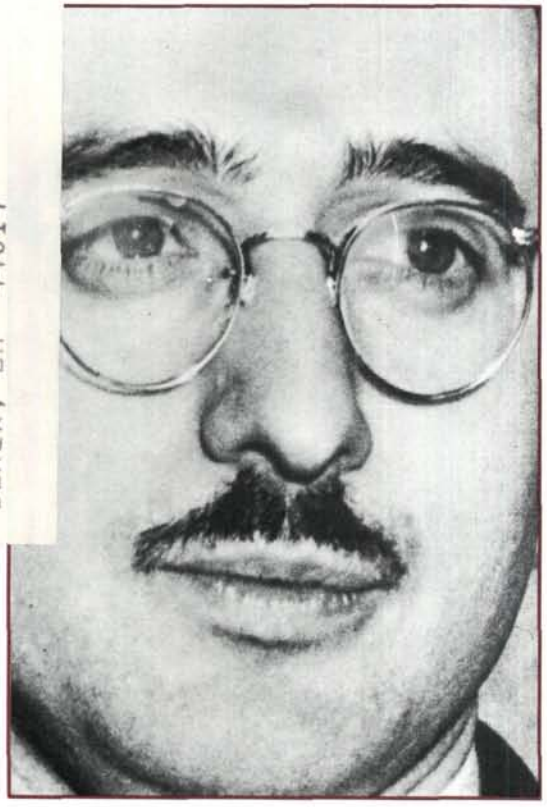
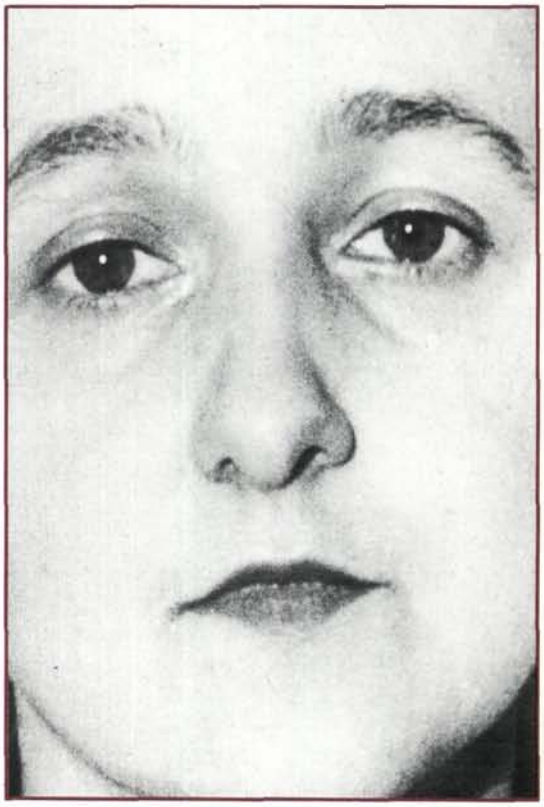


Julius was a spy.



Ethel was framed.

By Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh

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TRB

from Washington
June 23, 1979

From Teddy to Teddy

I was just thinking about Teddy Roosevelt the other day, Teddy the trust-buster. I had come from a breakfast with Representative Morris Udall, Democrat of Arizona, who said, "One of the greatest conglomerate merger waves in history is going on and we are doing nothing about it." Then I picked up the *New York Times*. On the editorial page was a letter from Senator Thomas Eagleton, Democrat of Missouri. He was answering an advertisement of the Mobil Oil company which had attacked him.

That's a funny thing, I thought, a debate between a US senator and a nine billion-dollar oil conglomerate! The advertisement denied Eagleton's assertion of big oil company profits. It said some of the TV networks were unfair to it, too, and singled out American Broadcasting for not reporting Mobil's annual meeting the way NBC and CBS did. "ABC was silent," it reported. Fie upon you, ABC. If you want Mobil's ads you'd better be a good boy. It also denounced something Representative Andrew Maguire, Democrat of New Jersey, and others had said about "obscene" profits. The advertisement was called "Chilling the Debate."

Going through the *Wall Street Journal* that morning (June 12) I found on column one, page one, an account of Exxon's "bold stroke"—a takeover bid that merged Exxon (net worth $22 billion) and Reliance Electric Co. (net worth $425 million). The merger is "risky," suggested the account, because of Senator Ted Kennedy's pending bill to bar oil conglomerates from making acquisitions valued at more than $100 million.

What would Teddy Roosevelt have thought about Teddy Kennedy? The two Teddys. Both pampered in youth; TR a *magna cum laude* at Harvard, Teddy Kennedy thrown out of Harvard for cheating, and then reinstated. Both angered by corporate power. I listened to the senator the other day (his hair comes to his collar, I noted, with gray fluffs over his ears, and he is one of the best speakers in public life): "Our task is to stem the growth of giant conglomerate empires," he was saying. "They are literally swallowing the best and most promising of our independent companies."

Statistics? In 1955 the top 500 industrial giants, he said, controlled 65 percent of all manufacturing and mining assets in the country. By 1965 the figure was 73 percent. And in 1977 it reached an incredible 83 percent. Less than three percent of all US industrial firms now control over 80 percent of all industrial assets. And the merger wave is roaring ahead. Note that Exxon mouthful of Reliance Electric last week. These giants aren't ordinary "businesses" any more. They have assets bigger than nations. They trade with each other, as *Fortune* magazine pithily puts it, "in a new kind of cartel system." Is it good for democracy?

It goes beyond this. There are three new points in the situation besides size.

On April 26, 1978, in the *First Bank of Boston* case, the Supreme Court ruled five to four that states can't bar corporations from spending unlimited amounts of money to influence the outcome of public referenda and to finance quasi-political propaganda campaigns. (Example: the Mobil attack on Senator Eagleton and ABC.)

Corporations have recently become aware of PACs (political action committees) by which they direct employees' and stockholders' voluntary contributions into political campaigns, although they are forbidden by law to make direct corporate contributions. Result? In four years the number of corporate PACs has jumped from 89 to 821. Trade unions have been using PACs for years, but now there are three times as many corporate as union groups. Because presidential campaigns are financed publicly, the new money mostly goes to legislators. Donors figuratively "buy" committees and committee chairmen. It is the fastest growing component in US campaign financing. The *New York Times* drily suggests that if we don't reform the system soon, "Congress may already be sold." You can see why Jimmy Carter's reforms are suffocated in committees.

Another astonishing feature is the huge cash assets of the oil companies associated with OPEC, presenting them (as *Business Week* noted in April 1978) "with a compelling need to find outlets for that cash." They are exploiting oil, a dwindling natural resource, and want to diversify. "For no company is the need greater than for Exxon" the article says. Yes, Exxon has been gobbling them up. And Atlantic Richfield owns the London *Observer*. Tenneco is a partner in Holiday Inns. Mobil has absorbed Montgomery Ward. President Carter angrily says he will demand that the oil companies use revenues from decontrol (over his proposed windfall profits tax) to find new oil, "not to buy department stores and hotels." Oil companies now own, in whole or part, three of the four top coal producers, and various uranium mines.

There's a circular stairway in the old Capitol with century-old worn stone steps, where sometimes you meet forgotten figures. I knew him in a minute by old pictures—bristling moustache, quivering pince-nez and a big smile gleaming like a dentifrice advertisement, the hero of San Juan Hill. He seemed a little uncertain. "Where's Mark Hanna located?" he demanded.

"He's gone long since," I said, "but the Money Trust is still around."

"Hey, what's that?" he demanded, giving me a quick bristling glance. He stood five-foot-nine, weighed 160 with a chest like a barrel. His teeth snapped. Mr. Dooley once described him entering a hall: "And thin along came Teddy Rosenfeldt and bit his way to the platform."

"There are still oil senators," I explained, naming a prominent one.

He gave a glare, half Rough Rider, half fire-eater, fists clenched: "Like Joe Foraker of Ohio," he said, "purchased to do the will of the Standard Oil company."

"OK, it's different now," I explained. "Well—more subtle. And the people don't seem to mind it. There's a committee working on it, though. A senator named Metzenbaum—oh, yes; and another one named Teddy."

"Teddy, eh?" he said. It seemed to please him. As he went up the stairs I heard him mutter, "The wealthy criminal class!" and then, in a milder voice, "Bully!"

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Correspondence

Conglomerate mergers

To the editors:

I read with regret Professor Lester Thurow's article ("Bigness and Badness," *TNR*, April 28) opposing legislation I have introduced in the Senate to restrict conglomerate mergers. Professor Thurow maintains that conglomerate mergers promote efficient corporate operation.

The most complete study of conglomerate mergers, a survey of 81 scholarly sources by Professor Dennis Mueller of the University of Maryland, finds that "mergers have on average not . . . resulted in increased economic efficiency." In testimony before the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee, Professor F. M. Scherer of Northwestern University concurred:

> *[T]here is no evidence that mergers, conglomerate or otherwise, have on average enhanced the basic profitability of the merging enterprises. In other words, statistical evidence of real efficiency gains . . . is non-existent.*

But why should a conglomerate buy another firm unless it can realize greater profits from its assets? The answer is that conglomerates are interested in expanding the absolute size of the enterprises under their control. Both Professors Mueller and Scherer conclude that most of today's huge mergers are the result of managerial empire-building.

While serving private ambitions, however, such mergers frustrate public goals. They isolate decision-makers from the communities which their subsidiaries serve. In ways not readily detectable, they undermine competition within the industry of the firm acquired. They narrow the breadth of corporate decision-making. They aggrandize corporate political power. And at least for the very largest mergers, they do so without compensating economic benefit.

Professor Thurow finds two ways in which large unrelated firms may be better off together than apart. First, he suggests that takeovers weed out inefficient firms. In a study of mergers in 1978, the FTC found that acquired corporations were of above average profitability. Indeed, Professor Mueller's survey of the literature found:

> *[T]o the extent that a failing-firm or alternative-to-bankruptcy motive for conglomerate mergers emerges at all from this literature, it is the* acquiring *firms that may be trying to improve their positions by* defensively *acquiring companies more profitable than themselves. This is ironic since the usual failing-firm defense of mergers has been couched in terms of rescuing acquired company stockholders from bad managers. [Emphasis in the original.]*

Second, Professor Thurow suggests that since conglomeration multiplies the number of investment options inside a firm, and since managers are reluctant to invest in enterprises outside their own control, conglomeration leads to more efficient allocation of capital within a firm. However, the legislation I have proposed (S. 600) would not prevent any such efficiency. A conglomerate could acquire another firm as long as it divested equivalent assets. In this way, a conglomerate could add a highly profitable investment option at the sole cost of giving up its (presumably) least profitable option.

Mergers concentrate political power by reducing the number of political decision-makers. Montgomery Ward (a subsidiary of Marcor) was once among the few strong business advocates of a consumer protection agency. After it was absorbed by Mobil Oil, an opponent, its voice was muted. Mergers also enhance the political power of the merged firms, because size brings economies of scale in political influence. The Mobil-Marcor merger joined the nation's fifth largest industrial with the seventh largest retailer, both of which had been independently politically active. It is not just government which has grown too large and unaccountable; our economic institutions have gotten out of scale as well. The hugest of our corporations have already grown larger than many nations. Long ago they began to fit Edmund Burke's memorable description of the West Indian Company as "a state in the disguise of a merchant."

Business is not per se bad. It is a non sequitur for Professor Thurow to argue that if we proscribe mergers between large firms, we must also break up existing corporate giants. Many of our industrial giants have grown to their present size by internal growth, by doing their job better than the competition. But conglomerate mergers concentrate social and political power in a manner devoid of the economic benefits of internal growth. And the conglomerate merger wave demands our urgent attention. The number of the largest mergers—those over $100 million—was 14 in 1975, and has grown steadily to 80 in 1978. In fact, a projection based on the first quarter of this year suggests there will be about 96 in 1979. Conglomerate mergers should be of grave concern to all who believe in the value of an efficient economy and the fair competition of ideas.

Edward M. Kennedy
United States Senate
Washington, DC

Unorthodox views

To the editors:

As a longtime reader of your magazine, I am disturbed by the unkind, unwarranted comment in the June 2 *Washington Diarist* article concerning Episcopal clergy: "And three-tenths of one percent of the Episcopalians surveyed think Jesus never existed at all. Those, a friend suggests, are probably the priests and bishops."

"A friend suggests" is a handy way to add a bit of nastiness without taking responsibility for it. I would think *The New Republic* would find commendable the church's longstanding toleration of the small unrepresentative minority who espouse unorthodox views. The majority of loving, caring, believing Episcopal clergy are besmirched by your comment.

Selma Kanner
Yorktown, Virginia

Where James died

To the editors:

May I make a correction in Richard Hall's two-part article on Henry James ("An Obscure Hurt," *TNR*, April 28 and May 5)?

James died at his flat in Chelsea, Carlyle Mansions, not at Lamb House, Rye, as is said in the middle column on page 28, May 5, 1979.

Marie Hénault
Professor of English
Saint Michael's College
Winooski, Vermont

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR*'s readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.*

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Cover: Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. Associated Press Photo. Article on page 13.

Contents

TRB from Washington	**2**	From Teddy to Teddy
	3	Correspondence
Comment	**5**	The Truth, After 26 Years
		Arafat's Unexpected Ally
John Osborne	**10**	White House: Toughening Up
Peter Nichols	**11**	Insalata Mista
Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh	**13**	The Hidden Rosenberg Case
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	**26**	Films: Outlaws and In-laws
C. Vann Woodward	**27**	*From Brown to Bakke* by J. Harvie Wilkinson, III
Brad Leithauser	**28**	Poem: "The Return to a Cabin"
George Dangerfield	**29**	*Gladstone* by Peter Stansky
Adam B. Ulam	**32**	*Stalin, Man of History* by Ian Grey
William Plummer	**33**	*The Living End* by Stanley Elkin
		Searches & Seizures by Stanley Elkin
John Updike	**34**	Poem: "On the Way to Delphi"
Ann Hulbert	**35**	*The White Album* by Joan Didion
Harold Bloom	**36**	*Gershom Scholem* by David Biale
Fran Moshos	**37**	Summer Reading for Children
Washington Diarist	**42**	No Apologies

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 23, 1979

The Truth, After 26 Years

"The truth never dies," old wisdom consoles us. But it leads a miserable life. Where truth clashes with the needs of politics, it has a particularly wretched existence. So it is with the truth about Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, executed by the US government as atom spies for the Soviet Union 26 years ago this week. Neither the Rosenbergs' antagonists, nor their leading defenders, nor even the martyrs themselves had much use for the truth. But the truth never dies, and as a result the Rosenberg case still haunts the American conscience, especially the American liberal conscience.

Even without the deliberate injuries to the truth perpetrated by all sides, the Rosenberg story would be haunting. How could it not be? The execution of two young parents, going to their deaths protesting their innocence, stirs the emotions even of those without a political investment in their innocence. It was an ugly time, and an ugly case, reason enough for doubts to have survived the defendants. But honest doubts notwithstanding, the ensuing bitter controversy around the Rosenberg case had less to do with the pursuit of truth than it did with the defense of entrenched positions and attitudes. The executions guaranteed this. That the Rosenbergs were dead made it all the more important to their supporters that they be innocent of all wrongdoing. On the other side, that of the government and its supporters, the executions of the Rosenbergs made it crucial to insist on the justice of the verdict against them, the propriety of the procedures by which they were convicted and the magnitude of their crime.

But the political role of the Rosenberg case also left little room for the pursuit of the truth. Your view of the Rosenbergs depended on your view of the cold war. To some, the Rosenbergs were innocent lambs, convicted with manufactured evidence because of their progressive opinions and their religious background; any other view was an acceptance of McCarthyism. To others, the Rosenbergs were single-handedly responsible for the Soviet bomb and the Korean war; any other view was sympathetic to communism.

In this issue, *The New Republic* publishes a meticulous report by historian Ronald Radosh and journalist Sol Stern based on their research into the Rosenberg case. They have been through the entire government Rosenberg file available so far, including almost 200,000 pages of recently released FBI documents. They have interviewed scores of people including former government officials involved in the case, and also men and women who knew the Rosenbergs and the New York Communist and pro-Communist world in which the Rosenbergs lived. The conclusions Radosh and Stern reach are fresh and even stunning. In some particulars, they are especially awful to contemplate. But they should not surprise those who are willing to live in a complex world. In any case, their evidence is so compelling that it will not allow the standard versions of total innocence or guilt to continue to obscure the truth of a case whose ambiguities may amount to a metaphor for the post-war era.

Stern and Radosh conclude that Julius Rosenberg was an espionage agent for the Soviet Union. They add

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significantly to the evidence offered by the prosecution at the trial and by writers subsequently. The new evidence confirms Julius's role in a spy network composed of ostensibly ordinary people whose prime political conviction happened to be a belief in the special world mission of communist Russia.

Our authors also find that the government had no hard evidence of Ethel's involvement in her husband's spy ring, the existence of which is otherwise amply documented. The article demonstrates, in fact, that Ethel was indicted and brought to trial—ultimately executed—solely as part of the failed attempt to get her husband to talk: not about the wartime nuclear spying for which they were convicted, but about espionage that had occurred after the war.

A split decision: thus are the great simplifiers on both sides confounded. Real historical truth will not play facile partisan games.

What is the significance of all this? Why do we believe it wreaks such havoc with the received opinions? Why will the careful and disinterested work done by Radosh and Stern upset the warring camps in this generation-long struggle for a final judgment on that episode which some see as innocent martyrdom and others as the crime of the century?

Evidence of Julius Rosenberg's involvement in a spy network operating in the US as late as 1950 for the interests of the Soviet Union attacks the very heart of the Rosenberg defense. It does this not just for the obvious reason that it lends weight to the specific charges against him. Historically more important, it undermines two articles of faith that led so many people on the left, then and now, to adopt the Rosenberg case as a symbol. One, the Rosenbergs were arrested, tried, convicted, punished for their opinions—as exemplary and cautionary victims of the cold war brought home by the American government. Two, such crimes as the Rosenbergs were charged with are inadmissible even as a possibility. These things did not happen; they couldn't happen; American "progressives" did not behave that way; (and for some) the Soviet Union did not behave that way. For the more fervent Rosenberg partisans, the inevitable corollary to these fundamental assertions is that American justice was nothing better than the justice of a police state. Jean-Paul Sartre called it "fascist"—authoritative enough to be quoted to angry crowds everywhere. The Rosenberg execution was in some perverse way satisfying to these people: it vindicated their estimate of American society.

What lurks behind the reflexive defense of the Rosenbergs is the preposterous but implicit claim that the USSR did not recruit and use Americans—and particularly its faithful followers among left-wing Americans—as spies against their own country. Of course, the American Communist party was not only or primarily a reservoir of spies. Most party militants probably were unaware of its espionage function. But clearly some were spies (just as there are Russians who spy for us, some possibly out of idealistic motives). Yet any suggestion of this obvious fact even today can bring forth outraged protests.

How many of those who believed then or believe now that the case against the Rosenbergs was totally fabricated reached this conclusion after scrutinizing the evidence offered by the prosecution? Not many. To most, the innocence of all those accused of spying has been a matter of faith, of predisposition—in fact, a matter of politics. There are exceptions, of course: the agnostic and the confused, not sure what to believe, and the rarer few who tried to make up their own minds in each case. But for the most part, those who believed that the Rosenbergs had done nothing also believed that Hiss had done nothing and William Remington and even some who had confessed. Their belief that all accused spies were falsely accused was just a corollary of their view that the American Communist party's goals were nothing more alarming than civil rights for blacks and unionizing underpaid workers. (Of course some savvy Communists assumed that the Rosenbergs and others had done espionage work for the Soviet Union, but felt that the spying was justified—and so was the outraged denial—in the interest of peace and humanity. By their strange moral rationalizations, even spies could be innocent victims of a frame-up.)

On the other side, it was also sheer faith and politics that caused people to accept without question that the Rosenbergs were guilty, and Hiss and Remington and even Owen Lattimore and that, in fact, all leftists were Communists and all Communists were spies for the Soviet Union.

One passion dominated the lives of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg; one fire flamed for them: it was devotion to the Soviet Union and to the Communist cause. In their Sing Sing letters— aimed at a wider sympathetic audience and, in any case, read by prison officials—they were constrained not to express that devotion clearly. So they wrote instead in a distorted shorthand about American democracy, the Jewish heritage, the Declaration of Independence, the "unconquerable spirit" of the Brooklyn Dodgers (who'd hired Jackie Robinson, the first black in the major leagues), Laura Hobson's *Gentleman's Agreement*, momentous things and trivia. They did not mind appropriating and distorting these ideals. But did they find it painful to have to hide their true beliefs? Did they mind writing "Roosevelt" when they were thinking "Stalin"? Probably not. The moral universe of American communism already had habituated them to the transparent lies and shallow pretense. Even in the Sing Sing death house, the ritual guile and ruses of the Rosenbergs demonstrated their fidelity to the ruling passion.

We are right to remember the McCarthy era as a horrid time. It made men and women fearful and cowardly; it valued conformity over independence and

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rewarded some ill-defined patriotic loyalty over loyalty to the truth. It produced victims whose sufferings were unwarranted and beyond calculation. It foreclosed the liberal agenda at home; and it put the conduct of foreign affairs under the spell of apocalyptics and hysterics. The Vietnam war was only the most egregious foreign-policy dividend of the McCarthy era.

But one other legacy from those dark years is the difficulty that inhibited liberals, especially, have in seeing the leftist political landscape clearly. Today still, many find it hard to criticize leftist positions and individuals lest they be accused of McCarthyite tactics. One consequence of this astigmatism is that all the targets of the McCarthy era are sometimes unjustifiably viewed as victims and heroes.

The facts were more complicated. To have gotten into trouble is not the same as having been virtuous. Hostile witnesses before the various "un-American" committees were often craven backers of Stalinism. They practiced a most asymmetrical style of political bookkeeping. No enormity committed by the Soviet Union would fail to find some elaborate and cocky rationalization, and plenty of eminent Americans eager to assert it. People stirred by the plight of American blacks or miners had stone hearts for those who were swept under by Stalin's world designs. What was in the interests of the new Mother Russia defined what was good.

The Rosenbergs were extreme examples of the kind of people who inhabited this moral universe. The public ordeal of Julius and Ethel evoked from their defenders comparably unbalanced perceptions of events. Some of the imbalance can be attributed to sheer duplicity. In Ethel's clemency letter to President Eisenhower, she recalled his role as the liberator of Europe from the Nazis. To Julius earlier, however, she referred to Eisenhower as a *gauleiter*. But was she being hypocritical when she alluded to her husband and herself as an "unoffending Jewish couple," victims of anti-semitism? Certainly she thought this was at least a partial explanation of the trap they found themselves in. Their supporters too were satisified by such a ready analysis of the case. In the public clamor for the Rosenbergs, much was made of their Jewishness. That they were prosecuted and tried by Jews lent weight to the anti-semitic explanation. Much also was made of the fact that they were executed on the Jewish Sabbath—a holy day which they never had been known to observe. All of this agitation about the Rosenbergs as victims in the direct line of the Jews who died at Auschwitz took place during a time of explicit anti-semitic purges in the Soviet camp, particularly in Czechoslovakia where defendants were identified as "Jewish bourgeois" and "Jewish cosmopolitans" charged with the crime of Zionism. But in the world of American communism, calling attention to the endemic anti-semitism in the Communist orbit was an act of libel. It was likewise libel to suggest that the treatment of those accused of disloyalty in the regimes under Soviet control offered an unattractive alternative for those dissatisfied with the American system of justice, during the low points of the McCarthy period.

Nevertheless, that American system of justice failed Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. It failed them in three ways. First, on the merits of the case itself, it appears to have convicted Ethel Rosenberg of committing espionage on the flimsiest and least reliable evidence. Second, the conduct of their prosecution and trial departed far from the American ideal of neutral justice. As Stern and Radosh demonstrate in this issue, Ethel was indicted for reasons having nothing to do with the crime she allegedly had committed; and Julius, while in jail awaiting trial, was tricked into confiding secrets to an FBI stoolie, who was relaying everything he said to the government. Furthermore, as Harvard Law Professor Vern Countryman has shown ("Out, Damned Spot," *TNR*, October 8, 1977), the judge in the Rosenberg trial, Irving Kaufman, was in regular contact with the Justice Department prosecution staff during the trial.

The third and greatest way American justice failed the Rosenbergs was the death sentence. Judge Kaufman apparently told the prosecution staff he planned to impose it, even before the jury had returned a verdict. President Eisenhower refused to grant clemency. Yet the government knew then, and we all know now, that even if the Rosenbergs had done everything they stood accused of—acting as conduits for David Greenglass's information about the Manhattan project—the offense was trivial in the annals of espionage for which they were killed.

Of one of them, Julius, one cannot really doubt his role in the Soviet spy network operating in the US during and after World War II. Of his wife, Ethel, nothing conclusive can be said. Historians and psychologists have argued from the evidence that she was more ideologically committed than her husband; they may be right. But that says nothing about conspiracy or espionage. In this country, we don't execute people for misguided fervor. From what we know of the Rosenbergs' life together, it is hard to imagine that Ethel was unaware of her husband's activities on behalf of the Soviet Union. Her affections for him may well have been predicated and deepened by these activities. But here we are in the realm of speculation and amateur psychology. None of this, in any case, would add an iota of credibility to the government's case against Ethel Rosenberg. The case against her was not proven. On the contrary, as Radosh and Stern show, all that linked Ethel to espionage was the inconsistent testimony of her brother and sister-in-law, the Greenglasses. Yet the government put Ethel in the dock as an equal with her husband. Now we know why: she was to be a hostage for his confession and all the information he had about Soviet espionage in the US. But Julius would

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not confess. Having brought Ethel all the way to death row, the government had no way of relenting. Her life was its card with Julius; the US played it to the end. Julius did not play. Ethel had to die.

The government's strategy was brutish and cool. In this very coolness, it reflects the cruelty of the period. Yes, there was a cold war hysteria. Its impact can still be felt in Judge Kaufman's hyperbolic speech sentencing the Rosenbergs to the electric chair. It is of a piece with the ugly sentiments in the streets: "Death to the commie rats." But this hysteria was not just a spontaneous rising out of American hearts. It was succored by the political and opinion elites, which consciously fanned the flames of popular hysteria.

Under pressure from the fringe right, it is now protested. In the context of Soviet aggression in Eastern Europe and Korea, it is said in justification. Provoked by the venality of our former Russian allies. A response to the totalitarian menace. Reacting to the presence of a fifth column at home. There is some truth in all of these explanations. But they justify nothing. In its moment of crisis, American democracy apparently could not defend itself without violating precisely those demanding principles and values that distinguish it from its tyrannical enemies.

The age of innocence is over—or it should be. Surely we are no longer inclined to assume the best about our government. It has proven itself too callous with the people's liberties, and too casual with the truth for the nexus of trust between government and citizen to be secure. The moral authority of government will not be restored by incantation or public breast-beating over its absence. It needs to be earned and, at best, in an atmosphere of skepticism.

But this skepticism—Jeffersonian vigilance, one may call it—toward officialdom and its penchant for jingoism ought not make us credulous about those in the world who have taken up the anti-American vocation. Unaccountably *they* sometimes still have moral authority among Americans who deny the moral authority of the American government. These present-day and self-styled American idealists, in a search for roots, link themselves with the old fellow-traveling left. Let us, for the sake of both past and future, recall that left: its soft spot for dictators, its contempt for scruples, its abuse of language and people, its dogmatism and intolerance, its instrumental notion of ethics. These people could not be trusted; their word was their dishonor. Those who see them as heroes can't be trusted either.

drawing of Menahem Begin by András Goldinger

Arafat's Unexpected Ally

In the past few weeks, Israel and Egypt have taken major steps toward a full peace. These include the early return of El Arish by the Israelis; the meetings in that city and then in Beersheba; the extraordinary reception of President Sadat by the inhabitants of Beersheba, repeating the deep emotions of Jerusalem in 1977; the passage of Israeli naval vessels through the Suez Canal; Moshe Dayan's visit to Cairo; the opening of air and sea links between the two countries. All this is cause for rejoicing. Despite the deep disagreements that remain, and against a background of unrelenting hostility throughout the Arab world, a pattern of cooperation has begun to emerge that encourages genuine hope.

But at the same time, another pattern of cooperation has become apparent. This one is not a cause for hope, and sometimes it is very ugly indeed. Hardliners in the Israeli government (and nationalist fanatics outside it) have joined with PLO terrorists—though the two groups would never talk to each other—and they are now in effect working together to stop any further progress toward political autonomy or territorial compromise on the West Bank. The position of the PLO is clear; we have discussed it before in these pages. Terrorist attacks on Israelis and the assassination of

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Arab moderates are both intended to deny the people of the West Bank and Gaza the possible benefits of the Camp David peace process. The PLO's reasons are, first, that these benefits could only be won through negotiations with Israel; and, second that they would both require and stimulate the development of a local Palestinian leadership, independent of the exiles in Beirut.

The Israeli government's position is harder to understand, for it amounts to a repudiation of the plan for Palestinian autonomy that Prime Minister Begin signed at Camp David and that the Knesset, at his urging, formally ratified. Of course it is customary at the beginning of negotiations to put forward a maximalist position. But even a maximalist position has to make sense, and it has to fit within the agreed-upon framework of the bargaining process. Begin's current proposal to grant autonomy only to the "people" of the West Bank and Gaza and not to the "territory" makes no sense at all: first, because the people are in fact to be identified with reference to where they live; and second, because once they have been deprived of all territorial rights over water, communications, public lands and so on, there will be nothing left of any significance over which they can exercise their autonomy. And the proposal doesn't fit within the Camp David framework because the Camp David agreement (though noncommittal about ultimate sovereignty) uses language that is clearly and consistently territorial in character ("withdrawal," "redeployment," etc.). In fact, it appears that Prime Minister Begin has come to understand what ought to have been obvious from the beginning: autonomy implies a distinctive Palestinian entity of one or another sort. And instead of bargaining, as Begin has every right to do, about the political character of that entity, about limits on it, about its precise physical boundaries, about the security arrangements along those boundaries, and about future links with Jordan and Israel, Begin has turned against the whole business. Or at least, he has taken a stand which seems designed with the same end in view as the PLO stand: to make it impossible for Palestinian moderates and for the Jordanians to come forward and join the negotiations. This is especially irrational since Israel needs these people. They are the ones who can commit themselves about what will ultimately happen on the West Bank; the Egyptians cannot.

More disturbing still, the Begin government has given a new license to its own extremists. These tiny groups of right-wing nationalists and religious obsessives are committed to settling in the hill country of the West Bank—the traditional center of Arab life in old Palestine—and to ruling forever over its inhabitants. Tiny groups, yes, and far outside the Zionist mainstream: Begin could destroy them, so to speak, with his left hand. Indeed, all he has to do is to withdraw the direct logistical support and the extensive subsidies these settlements currently receive from Agriculture Minister Arik Sharon. Without this official help, settlements like Elon Moreh, provocatively planted only four miles from Nablus, would quickly collapse. It is essential for Israel that he do this, and do it soon—and not only for public relations reasons. The religious and political arrogance and the growing vigilante spirit of the settlers have made for some ugly incidents, gravely damaging to Israel's image as a democratic state. But the government's unwillingness to stamp out this ugliness is far worse for Israel itself than for its international reputation. If the most extreme settlers are able to set the terms of Israel's West Bank occupation, then the effect on the army, which has to maintain the occupation, can only be brutalizing and demoralizing. Perhaps that is why the commanders of the army joined Defense Minister Ezer Weizman in arguing for radical changes in Begin's new autonomy plan.

The settlers from Gush Emunim and the Greater Israel Movement oppose the peace with Egypt. They oppose the autonomy plan. They oppose every scheme for territorial compromise. Most dangerously, they are contemptuous of Israeli political processes and of Israeli law. They represent an infection in the body politic—but this is an infection with little "natural" support; it is artificially sustained by the machinery of the state. No doubt Begin would have to pay a political price, among his own right-wing supporters, if he ever decided to pull the plug. But that is the necessary price of a peace that comes through Israeli initiative and that holds out some hope for cooperative arrangements on the West Bank. It may also be the necessary price of keeping Sadat afloat and sustaining the delicate relationship with Israel's first real neighbor.

The realistic alternative is a peace toward which Israel is driven under the pressure of crisis and stalemate, international condemnation and American threats. Rejectionist Arabs, from the Saudis to the PLO, clearly would prefer such a process. They have everything to gain from an imposed peace. That the Israeli government also should prefer an imposed peace is incomprehensible.

What Israel needs in the West Bank for its own security is fairly simple and straightforward: first, relatively modest permanent changes in Israel's borders, largely in the unpopulated areas; second, reliable security arrangements including Israeli troops stationed beyond the new borders; third, effective limits on the military strength of any successor

Coming Next Week:

A Primer for Bob Strauss.

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authority, Palestinian or Jordanian; and fourth (though this is a subject best left to another time), an arrangement that guarantees the unity of Jerusalem.

But Israel doesn't need to rule over a million Arabs, and it doesn't need the right to build more Jewish settlements outside of Israel, at least not now. To insist on these claims is to endanger the others, which are infinitely more important and are, possibly at least, within reach of negotiation. Whether the important and necessary claims would be respected in an imposed peace is unclear: it is a greater risk, we suspect, for Israel than for the Arab rejectionists the Begin government seems to be cooperating with.

When the Israeli-Egyptian treaty was signed, the world turned to the Palestinians, looking for some evidence of interest in a negotiated peace. The burden was on them, and dramatically so. Israel had made concessions in the Sinai and in the West Bank that called for Arab reciprocity. The response was disappointing. Now Prime Minister Begin has taken the burden back onto his own shoulders. By giving a free hand to the settlers, he has focused everyone's attention on his own long-term intentions. No doubt Arafat is grateful: with *this* Begin he can walk hand in hand toward confrontation and disaster. But why should Begin join the march?

White House Watch

Toughening Up

Here is a bit of what a reporter heard around the White House before the President left for Vienna, his first meeting with a Soviet chief of state, and the signing of the second strategic arms limitation treaty with the Soviet Union. The news in what the reporter heard, apart from what the wide world heard, is in the intensity, approaching ferocity, with which some of it was said.

A disclaimer, boring to the reader, must be intruded. Some of the views reflected here are not the President's or "the administration's" views. They are views of people who deal with the President, serve him, and on occasion differ with him. News reports, often in our most prestigious journals, attribute to the President or to "the administration" views and intentions that working-level characters may advocate but have never conveyed to Carter. A current example is a *Washington Post* report that the administration is backing off from its position that subsidized Amtrack passenger train operations should be reduced. Congressmen who had reluctantly gone along with the administration were outraged; here, they screamed to budget director James T. McIntyre Jr. and his chief lobbyist, Hubert (Herky) Harris, was just one more example of Carter talking one way and going another way. McIntyre, Harris, transportation secretary Brock Adams and Carter himself cooperated in prodigious efforts by telephone and in person to convince legislators that the administration was not backing off. The concern was for the issue as such. It was also, and in 1980 terms more importantly, for any indication, however trifling, that Jimmy Carter waffles and wavers. It is well and thoroughly understood at the White House that this impression of him is what is killing him in the polls and could kill him next year unless it is corrected.

The impression conveyed at the White House with ever-increasing emphasis is that Carter is already off and running for nomination and reelection in 1980. The word is that anybody, including Senator Edward M. Kennedy if he must be included, who doubts Carter's intention to run or believes that he can be scared out of running, misreads Jimmy Carter. One is told that Carter is going to stand for the Democratic nomination against anybody who may oppose him—it doesn't have to be said in so many words, Teddy Kennedy or Jerry Brown or whoever—and that within the bounds of decency and duty he will do whatever he has to do to win nomination. Here I am constrained to be extremely careful. What follows is my impression, my conclusion from what was said; not veiled quotation of what was said.

I wrote here recently that a Republican equivalent to the late Murray Chotiner, Richard Nixon's masterful hatchetman, would remorselessly pursue Teddy Kennedy with the horrors of Chappaquiddick if Senator Kennedy stood for nomination and election in 1980. I herewith amend that observation. Jimmy Carter, Hamilton Jordan, Frank Moore and Anne Wexler at the White House, Robert Strauss at but not officially in the White House, are in the words of a wise and old Democratic hand in Washington, mean sons of bitches (or just bitches) when they have to be. The person I'm quoting served Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson at their meanest, and he rates Jimmy Carter meaner than those two. Jimmy Carter and his people are aware—as who isn't—of Teddy Kennedy's personal vulnerabilities: Chappaquiddick and that girl dead beneath the bridge; the long delay in reporting to the police that she was dead there; Kennedy's personal and family difficulties; and—this is not negligible—his tendency to verge close to demogoguery in the speeches that create an impression of a leadership that Carter does not provide. A contest for the Democratic nomination between Carter and Kennedy—and friends of mine at the White House take such a contest to be increasingly likely—would be nasty, it would tear the party asunder, and Carter would go to any decent extreme necessary to win.

If Teddy Kennedy doesn't get that message from

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Carter, whom he sees fairly often, or from Carter's emissaries in Congress, including House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, he'd better start picking it up. Kennedy said back in January that he may run for nomination and election if Carter doesn't. He's never asked Carter: "Jimmy, if I run, will you?" Before I caught up with the news on June 13, I'd written that I gathered from what I was hearing at the White House that if he did ask, Carter would answer, "Yes, you son of a bitch, and I'll beat the shit out of you." Two Congressmen who were at dinner with Carter at a June 11 White House session intended to mobilize support for the statute implementing the Panama Canal treaty quote Carter as saying that if Kennedy opposed him for the nomination "I'll whip his ass." Our Jimmy talks that way at times and more power to him.

John Osborne

A garden variety Italian election.

Insalata Mista

As Mrs. Thatcher showed in Britain, national elections can still sometimes produce a clear decision about a country's immediate political future. But resistance to so unimaginative a result remains strong and may be increasing, as the Italians have just now proved with an election open to as many interpretations as there are angels able to sit on the head of a pin.

Women can be seen to have been among the losers, since there will be fewer of them in the eighth parliament than there were in the seventh. Nonconformity can be said to have emerged as a force, for the first time, with the extraordinary success of the Radicals, who increased their seats in the chamber from four to 18. The Radicals are likely to prove the most conspicuous single group on the new parliamentary scene. They have a flair for publicity. One of the first fusses in the new legislature inevitably will be caused by the Radicals' intention to demand seats in the parliamentary chamber to the left of the Communists, who must detest them even more now that they have made off with three prominent personalities from the Communist camp. These include the writer Leonardo Sciascia, who says in his modest and timid way that he wants to re-found the whole political system.

He will not be doing so in this parliament. The Italian result was as conservative as Britain's in the sense that it reversed what happened at the last election. In 1976, Communist strength increased in an unprecedented way while the smaller parties looked like little dying embers about to be suffocated by collaboration between Communists and the governing Christian Democrats.

The Radicals made the most dramatic gains this time around, but the Social Democrats and the Republicans and the Liberals all held their ground or recovered something of their past losses. Both the giants—the Christian Democrats and Communists—lost a little. It was natural to attach a lot of importance to the Communist loss because it is the first time that their share in the vote at a national election has declined instead of increasing. Some heads will fall. Losses among young people are thought to mean that the head of the Communist Youth Federation may lose his job, as might other party officials. But the leadership is expected to remain intact because the party secretary, Enrico Berlinguer, broke his alliance with the Christian Democrats in time for the party to prepare a belligerent campaign instead of an uneasy electoral stance with one foot in government and the other outside. So the inevitable losses were contained and the Communists' role in Italian politics has not diminished very much. There is a little more leeway than before: the Christian Democrats can at least play with the idea of an alternative to working with the Communists so long as the strengthened lay parties and the Socialists support the idea. But the prospect is not a very convincing one.

The real missed opportunity for change was the disappointing Christian Democrat performance. Some say that the Christian Democrats have missed their great chance. For the first time, they had a great political martyr. It is just over a year ago that their chairman, Aldo Moro, was kidnapped and murdered, thus providing terrorism's most illustrious victim so far. In a country still plagued by terrorism, the Christian Democrats could have expected a sympathy vote. Not only had they lost their leader in cruel circumstances, but during the electoral campaign their offices were hit most dramatically by the terrorists. Two policemen were killed in a terrorist attack on the party's Rome district headquarters. The Christian Democrats have a grasp on power in Italy unique among their brothers in Europe. Elsewhere, Christian Democrats either have been reduced to the level of minor parties or have been forced to alternate in government, like the West German Christian Democrats. In Italy the party has led every government for three decades. It holds on to power sometimes by pointing to its successes, and sometimes by presenting itself as the most experienced party, and so the fittest to deal with the problems it was responsible for creating in the first place. This is an enviable position to have reached. The latest election doesn't reveal any obvious crack in the system or any hint that the old mixed magic is due to end.

The Christian Democrats went into this election with another and quite unexpected advantage. The Wojtyla phenomenon was expected to help a con-

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fessional party. The pope's tumultuous welcome in Poland took place as Italians were going to the polls; even if the pontiff had stayed in Rome, the electorate would have seen the massive crowds he attracts to St. Peter's as his popularity grows dizzily with each appearance he makes. Pope John Paul II gave no political lead to the Italian voter. In fact he expressly showed his intention of keeping the Catholic hierarchy in Italy away from the political scene, by appointing Monsignor Anastasio Ballestreri, the archbishop of Turin, as chairman of the Bishops' Conference. The archbishop is a monk and not at all inclined to take a hand in elections. The only guidance provided by the bishops was to remind Catholics that not everything on the Italian political scene could be seen as consistent with the Christian conscience. The warning was much milder than the statement issued for the 1976 election, when there was a real fear that the Communists might forge ahead of the Christian Democrats for the first time.

What looked like a highly favorable moment for the Christian Democrats did not prove to be such, and they lost some support. Some people are saying that this means the beginning of the end of Italy's long Christian Democrat hegemony: that the party will go the way of the other European Christian Democrats. Even though the departing prime minister, Giulio Andreotti, won the most preference votes of any candidate, there is already talk that this parliament might see the first prime minister who is not a member of the traditional ruling party. These are early days to prophesy, but there are signs that a different period is about to begin in Italian affairs. As in every other beginning since the foundation of the republic, what happens next will depend on how the Christian Democrats respond to the situation.

To outsiders, Italian politics looks like a shapeless mass involving the rise and fall of more than 40 governments at the rate of more than one a year, most of them falling for reasons incomprehensible to all but the innermost experts on these questions. But there actually are some recognizable eras in Italy's post-war politics, each with a genuine beginning and an end. The first decade and a half of the republic saw a variety of center coalitions from which Communists and Socialists were excluded. The next decade or so saw the entry of the Socialists into a series of center-left coalitions led by the Christian Democrats. The final seal on the end of that period was provided by the 1976 election, though the alliance with the Socialists had lost most of its reality long before. A new period then looked to be replacing that alliance with another formula much richer in its possibilities and its difficulties.

The 1976 election brought the greatest challenge so far to the political finesse of the Christian Democrats. They recognized that they could not govern without some sort of understanding with the Communists. There were two difficulties which less resourceful men might well have regarded as insurmountable. First, the Communists were traditionally their archenemies; the Christian Democrats' fundamental claim on government was that they guaranteed freedom by keeping out the Communists. The second difficulty was international: Italy is an essential member of an alliance intended to protect its members from Communist aggression. Undeterred by these conceptual difficulties, the Christian Democrats came to an arrangement with the Communists which became a formal alliance. The Communists for the first time voted openly in favor of the government, though they did not become members of it. This agreement was the last achievement of Aldo Moro (who also was responsible for negotiating the alliance with the socialists a decade and a half earlier). Moro was kidnapped on the day the new arrangement came into effect.

An alliance between a Catholic party and the Communists would necessarily be a complicated relationship. The Communists intended the alliance to be temporary while they went on to greater influence, including seats in the cabinet. The Christian Democrats saw the arrangement as the absolute limit beyond which they could not go. In both parties there were sections of opinion highly suspicious of the arrangement. Yet the alliance seemed to have a certain potential lasting power. For one thing, there seemed to be no alternative. Communists were no different from other politicians in wanting more power, certainly, but knowing how to enjoy such power as they already had. Many Christian Democrats were confident that their own grasp not just of power but of the roots of power would give the Christian Democrats such an advantage over their only apparently formidable allies that there was nothing to fear.

And so in 1976 it looked as if a new period had begun, with more similarities to the usual Italian practice than seemed obvious at first. Of course Catholics and Communists make an odd couple. And the practical disappearance of an opposition in parliament amounts to a distinctly odd contribution to democracy. This seems less true to Italians than to others, however. Even in the post-war period, there has been little opposition in the strictly parliamentary sense. When the Communists actually were opposing the Christian Democrats, they did so ideologically rather than politically. They offered an alternative system, not an alternative administration. And as Italian Communism developed its claim to accept Western democratic methods, it looked toward alliance with the Christian Democrats in government. The party did not seek to devise an alternative ministry shaped by the daily experience of opposition on specific political issues.

The alliance collapsed and this month's general election followed because the Communists were unable to find the rock-like firmness which would have been

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necessary to keep up with the experienced subtleties of Christian democracy. Rather than allow the uneven alliance to continue, with the inevitable alienation of the Communist rank and file, to say nothing of an embarrassing confrontation with this very rank and file at the national congress, Berlinguer withdrew his support. He may have drawn the curtain on a whole era, this time a much shorter one than the previous two. Or the situation may simply be described by an Italian newspaper's telephone operator: "A good result, sir: just the same as before, but a little bit worse."

Peter Nichols

Peter Nichols is Rome correspondent for *The Times* of London.

How the FBI framed Ethel to break Julius.

The Hidden Rosenberg Case

by Sol Stern and Ronald Radosh

During the early morning hours of June 18, 1953, a car full of FBI agents slipped through the gates of Sing Sing prison in Ossining, New York, and then headed straight for the warden's garage. As unobtrusively as possible the men moved their belongings up to an apartment on the garage's second floor and settled in for an indefinite stay. From the makeshift command post it was only a short walk to the object of the agents' vigil: the death house cells of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The men at the garage were all veterans of the Rosenberg case. They were on this last-ditch, secret mission in pursuit of a prize that had eluded them for three years. In this, its biggest, most heavily publicized espionage investigation ever, the FBI had been after something more than the conviction of the Rosenbergs for stealing atomic secrets during World War II. Right from the start the Bureau had marked Julius Rosenberg as the key figure in a wider Soviet espionage network after the war. What the FBI wanted were the full details of that post-war network's operations. They were there to offer Julius Rosenberg and his wife one last chance to live in exchange for this information.

Standing by at the garage, along with the agents, were two stenographers. In the event the Rosenbergs broke, the agents were to stay on for interrogation sessions at the death house, as one FBI memo put it, "as long as they desire, extending into months if necessary." The procedures for stopping the executions if there was any sign from the Rosenbergs had been thoroughly rehearsed with the warden and the US marshal. There was even an exchange of memos on what to do "if the Rosenbergs desire to talk after they go into the execution chamber and even after they are strapped into the chair."

The mission was a failure. The evening of the day after the agents arrived, first Julius Rosenberg, then his wife, were executed without saying a word. The FBI agents packed up and left the prison empty-handed. The most notorious capital case in the history of the federal courts was officially closed.

A quarter of a century later the case still haunts us. Many Americans have now come to believe the Rosenbergs' final *crie de coeur* that they were the innocent victims of a cold war political frame-up. This view received its most dramatic boost with the emergence of the Rosenbergs' sons, Michael and Robert Meeropol, as leaders of the new campaign to reopen the case. Their Freedom of Information Act lawsuit has forced the FBI to release about 200,000 pages of documents from its Rosenberg files. The new Rosenberg committee has selectively released documents that support their martyrs' claims of total innocence. The FBI files contain startling revelations about the case, many of which would have been devastating to the government's prosecution of the Rosenbergs. But other documents in the FBI files—documents which the new Rosenberg committee has not released—badly undermine the argument of total

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innocence. The full picture, as it turns out, confounds all the partisan versions to date.

We have obtained independently and read all of the FBI files released so far. We also interviewed several dozen witnesses, many of whom were willing to discuss their involvement in the case for the first time. David and Ruth Greenglass, Ethel Rosenberg's brother and sister-in-law whose testimony against the Rosenbergs was the keystone of the government's case, broke 28 years of silence and anonymity to answer our questions about their role in the episode.

All this new evidence has led us to the inescapable conclusion that Julius Rosenberg was indeed at the hub of an espionage network that continued to operate until his arrest in 1950.

But not Ethel. One of the most shocking documents in the FBI files is a 13-page memorandum, dated June 17, 1953, listing the questions the FBI agents at the death house were to put to Julius Rosenberg if he and his wife broke. There is only one question in the entire memorandum concerning Ethel. It reads: "Was your wife cognizant of your activities?"

That single question stands out in the FBI files today like a red flag. When it was composed by a top FBI official, Ethel Rosenberg was about to be executed as a "full-fledged partner" (trial judge Irving Kaufman's words) in what J. Edgar Hoover called "the crime of the century." Could the US government have so blithely let her die when they weren't even sure she was *aware* of Julius's espionage activities?

Sadly, the answer is yes. The June 17 memorandum, revealed here for the first time, is only one of several FBI documents demonstrating that Ethel Rosenberg was included in the indictment only as a hostage against her husband; that she was ultimately convicted on tainted evidence obtained at the 11th hour. The purpose was to pressure her husband into revealing the details of his post-war espionage network.

The battle between the Rosenbergs and the government over exposure of that "other" spy ring was a drama that took place almost entirely offstage, and yet it determined parts of the script heard at the public proceedings. It is a story never before told.

[I. The Post-War Spy Ring]

The Rosenberg case erupted in the summer of 1950 at the outbreak of the Korean War, just 10 months after the Soviet Union exploded its first atomic bomb. All during the first half of the year newspaper headlines blazoned the capture of one member after another of an espionage network that allegedly delivered the secret of the A-bomb to the Russians during World War II. The highest US officials claimed that this exploit had radically altered the global balance of power and encouraged communist aggression.

The chain of confessions leading to Julius Rosenberg began with German-born atomic physicist Klaus Fuchs in Britain. Fuchs admitted that he had spied for the Russians during his World War II assignment with the Manhattan Project, the US government's crash program to build the atomic bomb. In Philadelphia, in late May, an obscure chemist named Harry Gold then admitted to having been Fuchs's American courier. Gold, in turn, fingered David Greenglass, a 28-year-old New Yorker, as the soldier from whom he had picked up additional atomic bomb information in June 1945, in Albuquerque, New Mexico. During his first interrogation by the FBI, the recently released papers show, Greenglass confessed that as a machinist stationed at the Los Alamos atomic bomb facility during the war, he passed information to Gold. Greenglass also implicated his 26-year-old wife, Ruth, and his brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg.

Within days of Greenglass's arrest on June 16, 1950, his lawyer, O. John Rogge, was plea bargaining in Washington, DC. Now in his 80s and still practicing law in New York City, Rogge told us that as soon as he learned how deeply David and Ruth Greenglass had been involved in espionage, he went to see James McInerny, head of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, about a deal. "I told McInerny: 'I'll give you a couple of witnesses. However, I want Ruth left out of the indictment.'" After some haggling, Rogge said, McInerny agreed not to indict Ruth and to recommend a sentence of three to five years for David.

In effect Rogge then turned his clients over to the government for a series of interrogations, lasting until the middle of August. The story the Greenglasses told the FBI and the US attorney was that they had been lured into an espionage conspiracy by Julius Rosenberg in 1944. Rosenberg, they said, sent Ruth Greenglass out to New Mexico to ask David to get information from Los Alamos; Rosenberg set up the contact with Harry Gold; and twice in 1945, while on furlough in New York, David passed sketches and notes on the atomic bomb to Rosenberg.

The Greenglasses told their interrogators that Rosenberg also appeared to be directing a spy network after the war, with money from and direct contact with the Russians. They claimed he boasted to them about placing his "boys" in key industrial and research facilities in the upstate New York area, and that his network maintained two apartments for photographing of documents—one of them in the Greenwich Village area.

The Greenglasses told the FBI that Rosenberg had tried to get them to leave the country after the arrest of Fuchs and Gold. They said he gave them $5000 and outlined an escape route through Mexico to Europe. They claimed Julius told them he was trying to get other members of his group out of the country, and that a man named Joel Barr already had left without any trouble.

The FBI papers show the Bureau was convinced that Rosenberg could be convicted for wartime espionage

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using the Greenglass testimony. But the Greenglasses' comments about Rosenberg's post-war activities intrigued them. The FBI soon discovered that many of Julius Rosenberg's friends did indeed seem to be disappearing during June and July 1950, leaving a trail that often led through Mexico.

Only one of these trips is generally known of. Morton Sobell, a City College classmate and close friend of Rosenberg's, flew off to Mexico just a few days after Greenglass's arrest, taking his wife and children with him. In Mexico he moved around under several aliases trying to get passage to Europe. In August the FBI kidnapped Sobell with the aid of the Mexican police, and brought him back to stand trial. He was convicted along with the Rosenbergs and sentenced to 30 years imprisonment (of which he served 19). In a recent interview, Sobell insisted, as he has all along, that he never engaged in espionage.

The only name the Greenglasses gave the FBI to back up their claim that Julius Rosenberg led a post-war spy network was Joel Barr, another college classmate of Julius. Barr had been living abroad, mostly in Paris, since 1948. By the time the FBI obtained Barr's Paris address, he was gone. According to his landlady he departed around June 15, leaving behind his motorcycle and other belongings. An American friend of Barr in Paris told FBI investigators that Barr had said on June 2 that he was planning to leave. Asked where he was going, Barr answered "that it would be better if [the friend] did not know his intended destination." In a recent interview that friend, Samuel Perl, confirmed the FBI's report. He said he remembered asking Barr where he was going, and being told, "'Don't worry, I just won't be around,' something like that." Barr never has reappeared to this day.

The next of Rosenberg's friends to take off was a 32-year-old engineer named Alfred Sarant, then living in Ithaca, New York. Sarant, also a close friend of Joel Barr, was one of the first people the FBI contacted after Rosenberg's arrest on July 17, 1950. He appeared cooperative, allowing the agents to search his house and answering their questions. But on July 27, after several sessions with the FBI, Sarant drove to New York City for a rendezvous with a woman named Carol Dayton. Dayton and her husband were next-door neighbors of Sarant and his wife. From New York City, Sarant and Carol Dayton drove to Tuscon, Arizona, where they obtained false Mexican tourist cards under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dayton. On August 9 the pair crossed the Mexican border and vanished. Sarant and Dayton, like Joel Barr, never turned up again.

Four days after Julius Rosenberg's arrest an unknown man came to see Joel Barr's former girlfriend, Vivian Glassman. Without identifying himself, but mentioning Barr's name, the man gave her $2000 in small bills and told her to go to Cleveland, find an aeronautical engineer, give him the cash and tell him to escape to Mexico. The mystery man did not give her the engineer's name, but Glassman assumed he was referring to William Perl, a classmate of Rosenberg and friend of Sarant and Barr, and brother of Samuel Perl, Barr's Paris friend. Glassman knew Perl was living in Cleveland.

Although frightened, she did as she was told. Buying a ticket under the name of S. Goldberg, she flew to Cleveland the next morning and checked into a hotel under that alias. The following afternoon she went looking for Perl. When Glassman was admitted to Perl's apartment she sat down without speaking, and started writing out her message on paper, mentioning the names of Joel Barr and Rosenberg. Perl, who had already been interrogated by the FBI about his associations with Rosenberg, refused the money and told Glassman to go back to New York—which she promptly did. The day after she returned, the unknown man was at her door again. When Glassman told him what had happened in Cleveland, he took back the $2000 and left. Perl was convicted of perjury and sentenced to five years for denying to the Rosenberg grand jury that he knew Rosenberg and Sobell. He died several years ago.

The FBI discovered that Barr, Sarant, Perl and Glassman each lived in an apartment at 65 Morton Street, in Greenwich Village, at one time or another after 1945. Was this the Village apartment that Greenglass said Rosenberg told him was used to photograph documents? The FBI believed so, especially after it was discovered that the apartment continued to be rented and maintained by one or another of the four, even during long stretches when no one seemed to be living there. The FBI also had information from several sources that there was photographic equipment in the apartment.

The FBI also discovered that Sarant and Barr had been members of the same Communist party club as Rosenberg—Branch 16B of the Industrial Division—and that shortly after this unit was dissolved in 1944 and the members transferred to new clubs, all three of them apparently dropped their party memberships.

At his trial, Julius Rosenberg denied the Greenglasses' portrayal of him as busily trying to get people out of the country through Mexico, and inquiring about passport pictures and vaccination certificates. Rosenberg testified to the contrary—that it was David Greenglass, deeply in some legal troubles in the spring of 1950, who was inquiring about Mexico.

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Yet Sobel, Sarant, Dayton, Perl and Glassman all were friends of Rosenberg, not of Greenglass. Moreover, Barr disappeared in Paris after Harry Gold's arrest, before the FBI's trail had even reached the Greenglasses.

Joel Barr left behind an aging and sick mother, three brothers and a sister. They have never heard a word from him since his disappearance. Sarant and Carol Dayton each left behind two small children, as well as their respective spouses. From them too, there was never another word. Alfred Sarant's wife, Louise, still lives in upstate New York. Contacted by phone, she said: "I have no intention of discussing it," and then hung up. We got the same response from Sarant's brother William. Carol Dayton's ex-husband, Weldon Bruce Dayton, teaches physics at a college in California. Reached by telephone, all he would say was: "I have never heard anything from either my former wife or from Alfred Sarant. Never, period. Nobody knows anything about them." Joel Barr's brother, Bernard Barr, agreed to an interview and then changed his mind, saying he thought it would serve no useful purpose. All he would say on the phone was that his brother had been "swallowed up" in Europe, and that the family never heard from him again.

United Press International Photo

Joel Barr's ex-fiancée, Vivian Glassman, told the FBI about her mysterious trip to Cleveland, but then took the Fifth Amendment when questioned further by a grand jury. Today she lives in New York City under her married name. She refused to discuss any aspect of the case with us, just as she refused every other reporter who ever tried.

There may well be a plausible innocent explanation for all these sudden departures around Julius Rosenberg. But the pro-Rosenberg critics of the case have not come up with any explanations at all. In most of the pro-Rosenberg books the names of Barr and Sarant are not even mentioned. Walter and Miriam Schneir's *Invitation To An Inquest*, widely considered to be the most comprehensive of the critical studies on the case, does attempt to debunk the FBI's search for a wider spy network. But it is not convincing, especially in light of the new information derived from the recently released FBI documents. For example, the Schneirs' last reference to Joel Barr is his trip to Europe in 1948. As far as anyone reading the revised 1973 edition of their book might know, Joel Barr is still in Paris studying music. The Schneirs reason that Alfred Sarant and Carol Dayton fled because they were having an affair. The impression is left for their readers that Sarant and Dayton are still living in Mexico. The Schneirs do not mention that Barr, Dayton and Sarant all have vanished.

These disappearances alone should make one hesitate before writing off the post-war spy ring as an FBI fantasy. But a uniquely placed source, speaking for publication for the first time, has given us independent confirmation of the existence of a spy network. The new witness is James Weinstein, the author of several books on the American left and currently editor-in-chief of *In These Times*, a socialist newspaper published in Chicago. Weinstein took the Fifth Amendment rather than tell this story to a grand jury in 1951, shortly after the Rosenbergs had been sentenced to death.

During the academic year of 1948-49, Weinstein and a friend named Max Finestone were both seniors at Cornell University, and both members of the Communist party. Sometime in the middle of the year, Weinstein says, Finestone told him that he was quitting the party to do "secret work." Weinstein had no idea what Max was up to and he knew enough not to ask for details. About this time Finestone went to work for Alfred Sarant, who then had a small contracting business in Ithaca.

Many times during the school year, Max asked to borrow Weinstein's car, a 1940 Buick convertible. At the time, Weinstein thought Max was using the car to visit his parents at their nearby farm. Later, he came to believe that Max was using it for trips in connection with his "secret work."

In June 1949, Weinstein graduated, moved back to New York City, and prepared to enter Columbia Law School. In the fall he paid a weekend visit to Cornell, staying at Max Finestone's parents' farm. At the end of the weekend, Weinstein says, Finestone asked him to

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drive someone back to New York with him. The "someone" who shortly showed up at the farm—a plain-looking man with spectacles and a mustache—was introduced only as "Julius." During the long trip back to New York City, Weinstein reports, "Julius" sat in the back of the car and never said a word. (Another former Cornell student sat in front. When queried, this man said he could not remember anything about the ride almost 30 years ago.) When they arrived at the George Washington Bridge "Julius" asked to be let off.

In December 1949, Max moved to New York. At first he lived at that apartment at 65 Morton Street in Greenwich Village, which Al Sarant had made available to him. At the end of the month, he phoned Weinstein to say that he had to get out of the apartment and to suggest that they become roommates. Weinstein agreed to share an apartment with Max. Finestone moved from the Morton Street apartment within days of their conversation.

One evening in early July 1950, there was a knock at the door of the apartment Weinstein shared with Finestone. Weinstein opened the door, to find that the person standing there was the "Julius" he had driven back from Ithaca. Julius asked if Max was in. When Jim answered no, he responded: "Tell him Julius was here," and left. Max came home later that evening and Weinstein said that "Julius" had been looking for him. According to Weinstein, Max nervously asked if he was sure it was Julius. Weinstein answered that it was the same person he had driven back from Ithaca. Weinstein said, "Max turned white as a sheet," and blurted out: "'He knows he's not supposed to come here.'"

All the incidents didn't fall into place for Weinstein until two weeks later, when he recognized Julius's picture on the front page of the newspaper, and read that he'd been arrested for spying. Weinstein became enraged at Finestone, not so much for his clandestine activities as for moving in with him when the heat was on. Weinstein says Finestone never tried to explain, but merely said, "I thought it would look better."

Finestone is now in his mid 50s. For most of the time since the Rosenberg case he and his wife owned and managed a small summer resort. Interviewed at his upstate New York home, he said that Weinstein was mistaken on several points. On Weinstein's driving Rosenberg back from Ithaca, Finestone said: "I remember Julius being in Ithaca but I don't remember that incident." As for Rosenberg appearing at their shared apartment in July 1950 and looking for him, Finestone replied: "I think Jim is fantasizing . . . that is pure fantasy. Jim is remembering things I just don't remember."

Coming:

Hot Air and Gasohol.

Finestone did confirm that he dropped out of the Communist party at Cornell in the middle of his senior year, but claims it was because of schoolwork. He denies that he told Weinstein it was to engage in "secret work." Finestone said he moved out of the Morton Street apartment because sharing an apartment with Weinstein was simply "a better deal."

Concerning his relationship with Julius Rosenberg, Finestone said: "We were acquainted briefly in the 1940s." When pressed for more details, he replied: "You're asking me to tell you things about his movements and activities. I don't know where this is leading to. I'm disturbed by this line of questioning." Saying that for all he knew, we might be FBI or CIA agents, Finestone stressed that he did not want to say anything that "could be used for purposes contrary to what I would want them used for."

Later in the conversation, Finestone responded to our suggestion that lower-level espionage might have been going on after the war, saying: "If you get me and Joel Barr to say sure, we were really engaged in espionage but it was innocent espionage, industrial . . . and we were doing it for principled reasons . . . then the government gets hold of this and says these guys admit they were engaged in espionage." That, Finestone said, would "help them to improve their case in the eyes of the public." And he was not about to do that. "Even if I knew anything that you don't know," he concluded, "I certainly wouldn't say." Then he denied that any kind of espionage was taking place.

Weinstein's version of what was going on in Ithaca in 1949 is backed by an even more remarkable source, made available by the FBI's recent release of documents on the case—Julius Rosenberg himself!

While Rosenberg was at the Federal House of Detention in lower Manhattan awaiting trial, he struck up a friendship with a young inmate named Jerome Eugene Tartakow, who was serving a two-year sentence for interstate auto theft. While playing chess with Tartakow, Rosenberg started talking, first about his youth and activities in the Young Communist League in the 1930s, and then about more contemporary matters. In conversations stretching over six months, Julius divulged details about his network during the period before his arrest. Tartakow, in turn, was reporting all of it to the FBI.

Tartakow claimed Rosenberg said he had not fled the country because "he had to take care of some friends"; that he headed one espionage unit in the area and the other one was led by two men, one of whom got out of the country one week after his arrest and the other who was already safe in Europe. According to Tartakow, Rosenberg said he had been to Ithaca twice to see Al Sarant and to make "pick-ups." Rosenberg also mentioned Vivian Glassman's trip to Cleveland, and said he thought the Russians themselves had picked her as a courier for that assignment. And Rosenberg

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criticized William Perl for panicking and telling the FBI about Glassman's visit, but added he was a brilliant scientist from whom he had been able to get a lot of very good material.

It's hard to believe Julius Rosenberg really talked about these things in jail. But over 300 pages of FBI memos on reports from Tartakow contain details that could have come only from Rosenberg, and we have corroborated some of this information from independent sources such as James Weinstein. Thus in one memo Rosenberg is reported telling Tartakow about the last person he recruited into the operation. This person, the memo says, had a roommate who was "the son of a wealthy family." The roommate was a law student, and a friend of the lawyer O. John Rogge. Rosenberg also allegedly said the roommate of his last recruit had political arguments with his family. Rosenberg also is reported saying that his last recruit borrowed his roommate's car—a black Buick convertible—and drove him to Ithaca to see Alfred Sarant.

Of course all this describes Max Finestone and James Weinstein. It clearly matches the story Weinstein told us. His parents are very wealthy, his family did know O. John Rogge, and he did have difficulties with his family. The black Buick was Weinstein's car and he did frequently lend it to Finestone. The description of Finestone as the "last recruit" matches Weinstein's story of Max dropping out of the Party to do "secret work" in 1949. Weinstein's account of Julius Rosenberg's mysterious appearance in Ithaca in the fall of 1949 matches Tartakow's story of Rosenberg's trips to Ithaca for "pick-ups." Weinstein never told his story until 1978, yet it confirms information in 28-year-old FBI documents he didn't even know about.

When the first FBI files were released in December 1975, a few cursory news stories appeared concerning the Tartakow memos. The Rosenberg committee counterattacked. One writer called Tartakow a notorious "con man" and dismissed his memos as a "police suck." The Meeropol brothers, in a *New York Times* op-ed page article, stressed that even the FBI considered Tartakow "unreliable." It is true that when Tartakow first offered the FBI information about Rosenberg in December 1950, the FBI did officially characterize him as an "informant of unknown reliability." But after a few months, as the information Tartakow was bringing checked out, FBI agents changed their minds. Julius Rosenberg himself apparently trusted Tartakow. He arranged for Tartakow to go to work for Emanuel Bloch, the Rosenbergs' lawyer, when Tartakow was released from prison in July 1951. Among other chores, Tartakow drove Bloch and the Rosenberg sons up to Sing Sing.

Why would Julius Rosenberg have taken Tartakow into his confidence? For one thing, jail inmates do not get a wide choice of friends. And Jerry Tartakow was not your ordinary con. His background was quite similar to Rosenberg's: both were Jewish, with immigrant, working-class parents, and both had been members of the Young Communist League in their youth.

But the main reason Julius Rosenberg trusted Tartakow may have been that he came with the very highest possible personal reference: from the general secretary of the US Communist party, Eugene Dennis, who was then also in the House of Detention for contempt of Congress. Today Tartakow lives in California and owns a small business. He told us that he actually developed a relationship with Eugene Dennis in jail, before he met Rosenberg. "Dennis and I became very close friends," Tartakow said. Tartakow claims he became a liaison between Dennis and Rosenberg. "Gene Dennis didn't want the three of us to be seen together at that time." Instead, Tartakow said, he often let Dennis know about his conversations with Rosenberg. A lawyer for the present Rosenberg committee, Bonnie Brower, mentioned to us that when Emanuel Bloch hired Tartakow as his driver, it was with Dennis's recommendation.

Tartakow's claim is plausible because the official line of the Communist party on the Rosenberg case at that time could be summarized as: "Julius who?" Dennis could not allow himself to be seen with Rosenberg, but he obviously had an interest in finding out what he had been up to and, more pointedly, whether or not he was going to break. Rosenberg didn't know that his friend Tartakow was squealing to the FBI, but he may have believed that what he was saying was getting to Eugene Dennis. This would explain why he would talk freely, even boast about his exploits. These boasts helped to seal his doom.

[II. The Framing of Ethel]

The FBI documents show that the Bureau saw Julius Rosenberg as just next in a line of falling dominoes. If he cooperated, as Harry Gold and David Greenglass had cooperated before him, he would lead to more arrests in the biggest spy hunt ever. "The indications are definite," said a Bureau report on the day of his arrest, "that [Rosenberg] possesses the identity of a number of other individuals who have been engaged in Soviet espionage."

But the Rosenberg domino did not tip over. When FBI agents came to the Rosenbergs' apartment on July 17, 1950, Ethel Rosenberg demanded that the agents produce a warrant and allow her to phone their attorney. (An FBI report described her assertion of constitutional rights as a "typical Communist remonstrance.") Their attorney, Emanuel Bloch, had no intention of plea bargaining. The FBI then resorted to the federal court system as its instrument of coercion.

A report to J. Edgar Hoover on Rosenberg's arrest suggested that the Bureau "consider every possible means to bring pressure on Rosenberg to make him

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talk, including . . . a careful study of the involvement of Ethel Rosenberg in order that charges can be placed against her, if possible." The FBI director approved, adding this handwritten comment in the margin: "Yes by all means. If criminal division [of the Justice Department] procrastinates too long let me know and I will see the A.G."

Two days later Hoover dashed off his own note to Attorney General J. Howard McGrath. "There is no question," he wrote, "but that if Julius Rosenberg would furnish the details of his extensive espionage activities it would be possible to proceed against other individuals." Hoover said that "proceeding against his wife might serve as a lever in this matter."

The only problem with this "lever" was that the government had no evidence against Ethel Rosenberg. In the case of the Greenglasses the threat of imprisoning Ruth, and thus of leaving their two children without a mother, was an effective way to keep David cooperative. The FBI always had enough evidence to convict Ruth. Among other evidence incriminating Ruth was her deposit in an Albuquerque bank of money received from Harry Gold. The FBI's *only* source of information on Ethel Rosenberg was the Greenglasses. Yet in all the interrogations of Ruth and David during July and August, 1950—a period when they were anxious to prove to the FBI that they were holding up their part of the bargain to keep Ruth from being indicted—there was hardly a reference to any overt act by Ethel.

Ruth Greenglass did tell her interrogators that Ethel was present when Julius Rosenberg asked Ruth to visit David in New Mexico during the war and ask him for information from the Manhattan Project. Ruth said she remembered expressing reluctance but Ethel chimed in with remarks to the effect of "let David decide." In a trial that testimony—uncorroborated and denied by the two other participants in the purported conversation—would have counted for very little.

Because there was so little to hang on Ethel, the government interrogators pressed David Greenglass about his sister at an interrogation on August 4, 1950. Here is the exchange between Assistant US Attorney Myles Lane and David Greenglass:

> *Lane: Was Ethel present in any of these occasions [When David gave Julius information]?*
> *Greenglass: Never.*
> *Lane: Did Ethel talk to you about it?*
> *Greenglass: Never spoke to me and that's a fact. Aside from trying to protect my sister, believe me that's a fact.*

Nevertheless, the FBI arrested Ethel Rosenberg one week later, charging her with the same crime as her husband—conspiracy to commit espionage during wartime.

RECONSIDER CLEMENCY FOR THE ROSENBERGS
JEWISH CHRONICLE
Jewish CHRONICLE
Mr. President: 3000 Ministers Appeal to your Conscience?
A NEW TRIAL
Clemency for the ROSENBERGS
Wide World Photo

Rosenberg defenders in Pennsylvania Station, February 14, 1953.

The imprisonment of his wife was an awful blow to Julius Rosenberg. He worried about the effect of jail on her health and of course he was concerned about their children. Yet he remained determined to fight the case. The government knew all this because Rosenberg was talking about it to Tartakow. Tartakow's reports helped convince the government that nothing short of the ultimate "lever" would force Rosenberg to confess.

On February 8, 1951, an expanded and secret meeting of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy met to discuss the Rosenberg prosecution. The 20 top officials in attendance at this extraordinary strategy session included five senators, six representatives, three members of the Atomic Energy Commission and two representatives of the Justice Department. Assistant US Attorney Myles Lane said Julius Rosenberg was the "keystone to a lot of other potential espionage agents." Lane mentioned William Perl and Vivian Glassman, among others suspected of being in the wider spy ring and still at large. The Justice Department believed, he said, "that the only thing that will break this man Rosenberg is the prospect of a death penalty or getting the chair, plus that if we can convict his wife too, and give her a sentence of 25 or 30 years, that combination may serve to make this fellow disgorge and give us the information on these other individuals." Lane said, "It is about the only thing you can use as a lever on those people."

But Lane—who had spent many hours interrogating David and Ruth Greenglass—admitted to the committee that "the case is not too strong against Mrs. Rosenberg." Nevertheless, he emphasized, "it is very important that she be convicted, too, and given a stiff

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The Greenglass Letters

Among the most revealing documents contained in the recently released FBI files on the Rosenberg case are the wartime letters between David and Ruth Greenglass when David was stationed at Oak Ridge, Tennessee and Los Alamos, New Mexico. These letters were taken from the Greenglass apartment on the day of David's arrest. They are made public here for the first time. These letters contradict the story of how the wartime espionage started, as told at the trial by both the Greenglasses themselves and the government prosecutors (who had access to these letters).

The Greenglasses testified that they were young innocents, non-Communists, lured into spying for Russia by Julius Rosenberg. David Greenglass testified that he had doubts about what Julius asked him to do, but he "had a kind of hero-worship there, and I did not want my hero to fail." The Greenglasses' lawyer, O. John Rogge, declared, "David and Ruth Greenglass, yes, wanted to see a better world, but they did not want to see a Communist world." In his summation to the jury, prosecuting attorney Irving Saypol described David Greenglass's motivation: "Greenglass's relations toward his older sister, Ethel, and her husband Julius were such that he was willing prey to their Communistic propaganda. He committed this crime because they persuaded him to do it."

The Greenglass letters confound this version. They show that David and Ruth were dedicated Communists, too young for formal party membership but active members of the Young Communist League. Ruth was president of her YCL chapter at the age of 20 and was slated for recruitment into the party when espionage intervened. The Greenglass letters are filled with odes to the Soviet Union. On June 29, 1944, David wrote to Ruth:

Darling, I have been reading a lot of books on the Soviet Union. Dear, I can see how farsighted and intelligent these leaders are. . . . Having found out all the truth about the Soviets, both good and bad, I have come to a stronger and more resolute faith and belief in the principles of Socialism and Communism. I believe that every time the Soviet Government used force they did so with pain in their hearts and the belief that what they were doing was to produce good for the greatest number. . . . More power to the Soviet Union and a fruitful and abundant life for their peoples.

On December 29, 1943, David wrote to Ruth about their "anti-Soviet" acquaintances: "Either convert our friends or drop them."

David and Ruth both testified that the idea of espionage never came up between them until Ruth visited her husband at Albuquerque, on November 29, 1944, and told David that Julius knew he was working on the atomic bomb project and wanted information. They claimed they were both reluctant. David testified that his first response to his wife's message from Julius was that he "wouldn't do it," and he ultimately agreed only out of loyalty to Julius.

These letters paint a different picture. David was well aware of the significance of his wartime work, and

sentence." In that room full of lawyers, no one seemed disturbed that the government wanted a 25- or 30-year jail sentence for an individual against whom the case was weak.

The meager evidence against Ethel, and the stiff penalty being sought against her, were especially embarrassing because Ruth Greenglass remained unindicted, yet would be admitting from the stand that she had been deep in the conspiracy to steal atomic secrets.

Then suddenly, just 10 days before the trial opened, the Greenglasses completely changed their story about the extent of Ethel's involvement—thereby saving the government's strategy. The new version placed Ethel Rosenberg at the center of the espionage operation as her husband's dutiful typist.

What prompted this fortuitously timed revaluation remains a mystery. The FBI files released so far merely indicate that Ruth Greenglass was reinterviewed on February 23 and 24, 1951, and that she volunteered "additional information" on Ethel. Two days later David Greenglass was reinterviewed. According to the summary cable sent to J. Edgar Hoover, he "furnished in substance the same information as related by Ruth Greenglass."

The Greenglasses now claimed that David had handed over his handwritten notes and sketches of the atomic bomb right in the Rosenbergs' living room, in September 1945. According to the FBI cablegram, Ruth then reported that "Julius took the info into the bathroom and read it and when he came out he called Ethel and told her she had to type this info immediately. [Ruth] said Ethel then sat down at the typewriter which she had placed on a bridgetable in the living room and proceeded to type the info which David had given to Julius."

Oddly, the FBI files contain only summaries of these crucial February 1951 sessions when the Greenglasses suddenly changed their story about Ethel. The earlier interrogations all were recorded and transcribed. James B. Kilsheimer, who attended the February interrogations as an assistant US attorney prosecuting the Rosenberg case, is now in private law practice in New York. He said recently that the Greenglasses changed their testimony because at first, "David had a reluctance to talk about his sister." Kilsheimer said the new story "wasn't sudden. It was a gradual breakdown. Each time I went to talk to him there would be some additional information."

But the FBI files do not show a series of conversations in which David Greenglass "gradually" disgorged more information about his sister. Moreover, the February story was not "additional" information: it was a flat-out contradiction of the story Greenglass previously had told interrogators of how he delivered the sketch and notes of the atomic bomb to Julius Rosenberg.

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it was he who sought to inform Julius about it. The Greenglasses were not innocents lured into a web by Julius Rosenberg: they were equal participants in the planned espionage.

For example, David wrote Ruth on August 4, 1944, from Kansas City:

Dear, I have been very reticent in my writing about what I am doing or going to do because it is a classified top secrecy project and as such I can't say anything. In fact, I am not even supposed to say this much. Darling, in this type of work at my place of residence there is censorship of mail going out and all off the post calls. So dear, you know why I didn't want you to say anything on the telephone. That is why I write C now instead of comrade. P.S. . . . Not a word to anybody about anything except maybe Julius.

Another letter from David to Ruth on November 9, 1944 contradicts the Greenglasses' account that David was unaware of the proposed espionage conspiracy until Ruth's November 29 visit and that he was reluctant. In the letter David Greenglass referred to a telegram—apparently one with a cryptic message—that he had sent Ruth. He wrote that he was "worried about whether you understand what my telegram is about." David continued:

I really shouldn't because I know that you are intelligent and will understand.

I was happy to hear that you spent a pleasant day with the Rosenbergs. My darling, I most certainly will be glad to be part of the community project that Julius and his friends have in mind. Count me in dear or should I say it has my vote. If it has yours, count us in.

When we showed this last letter to the Greenglasses in our recent interview, and quoted from some of the others, they were somewhat taken aback. They said the letters had never been returned to them and they had completely forgotten about their existence. David quickly acknowledged the letters indicated he was trying to alert Julius about his work on the atomic bomb as early as the summer of 1944. "I knew Julius would want to be involved with something like that," he said. In explanation, David then recalled a 1943 conversation with Julius Rosenberg as they waited on the ticket line at the Capital Theater on Broadway. "He told me he had powerful friends and we'll go into business after the war. They'll use us as a screen for getting the information."

Looking at the November 9, 1944 letter on the table in front of him, David said: "This fits in with that bit at the Capital Theater." Asked if the "friends" referred to in the letter were the Russians, David replied: "That's right. There were no other friends." As to the suggestion that the reference to the "community project" clearly showed that David himself was willingly volunteering for espionage, he replied, "Well, let's say I was promising cooperation."

The prosecution in the Rosenberg trial never used any of these letters, even though they provide powerful documentary evidence supporting the existence of a conspiracy. The reason is apparent. As part of the deal offered the Greenglasses—leniency in exchange for their role as cooperative state witnesses—the government was willing to make it appear that they had been reluctantly lured into espionage by the Rosenbergs.

S.S. and R.R.

Here is how Greenglass described the September 1945 transaction in his signed statement dated July 17, 1950:

Almost as soon as I got to New York City Julius Rosenberg got in touch with me and I met him on the street somewhere in the city. At that time I furnished Julius Rosenberg with an unsealed envelope containing the information I had been able to gather concerning the atomic bomb, as well as a couple of sketches of the molds which make up the bomb.

In an August 4, 1950 interrogation with Myles Lane, Greenglass repeated that "when we were alone [Julius] brought the subject up" and at that time "I gave him a complete description of what I know." When Lane then asked "Was Ethel present on any of these occasions," Greenglass answered: "Never."

In his revised version, Greenglass told the FBI that Ethel had to be called in to type the atomic bomb information because his handwriting was very difficult to understand. Ruth Greenglass testified to this at the trial. But the FBI files offer hundreds of pages of David's handwriting (including his wartime letters to his wife), all of which are completely legible, even in the poor quality Xerox copies supplied by the FBI.

When the Rosenberg trial opened on March 6, 1951, no one in the courtroom except the men at the prosecutor's table knew about the radical inconsistencies in the Greenglasses' testimony. The Rosenbergs' lawyer, Emanuel Bloch, did not attempt to get the Greenglasses' various pre-trial statements.

Thus the Greenglasses' 10-day-old story of how Ethel Rosenberg typed the atomic secrets was treated as no less certain than the rest of the prosecution's story about spying in 1944 and 1945, in New York and New Mexico. Chief prosecutor Irving Saypol, in his summation to the jury, described Ethel striking the keys of the typewriter, "blow by blow against her own country, in the interests of the Soviets." Judge Irving Kaufman found the revised Greenglass testimony so convincing that he characterized Ethel Rosenberg as a "full-fledged partner in this crime," and determined that she should share equally in her husband's sentence.

Why did the Greenglasses suddenly bring up the story of Ethel's typing after eight months of interrogation? The best answer to that mystery ought to come from the Greenglasses themselves. Both are still alive. Having rebuilt their lives under new identities after David's release from jail in 1960, the Greenglasses have zealously guarded their privacy. They never before talked to any student of the case. But with the help of their lawyer, O. John Rogge, and by promising not to reveal their current identities or whereabouts, we were able to contact them earlier this spring. After many hesitations, and one occasion when they showed up and

(continued on page 24)

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CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

Pushing a String

A gardener trying to make the grass grow taller in the sparse patches on his lawn by cutting it shorter somewhere else might fairly be told that he doesn't know much about grass. Yet governments, in their persistent effort to control the distribution of credit in American society, repeatedly employ precisely the same method and with equally bad results. The danger of these exercises is that while no lawn is ever improved in this way, its healthy portions may be easily and severely damaged.

All governments, ancient and modern, have at one time or another been seized by an urge to use some form of credit allocation to make credit appear at a time or place where it would not otherwise go.

The problems with political credit allocation are intrinsic to the credit process itself. Credit exists because some people are willing to pay for the use of other people's money, and those others are willing to lend their money because they like to collect rent, in the form of interest, on property for which they have no immediate use. In the market thus created, each participant vigorously pursues his or her own self-interest; lenders, savers, and investors-consumers all try to achieve the highest possible return on their money, after taking due account of the risks, while borrowers strive with equally strong desire to minimize their interest costs. Efforts to allocate credit by government fiat come into conflict with these very human but relentless forces, and so governmental machinery for the allocation of credit never works.

This history of failure has not deterred the Government of the United States from trying repeatedly over the past fifty years to control the flow of credit by specific efforts to favor some borrowers and lenders while penalizing others. By recent count, these sporadic efforts have left us with some 150 laws and major regulations telling us what we may and may not do with our money. The restrictions most frequently encountered by the average citizen are those that limit the interest he can collect on his savings account, and that forbid him to be paid anything at all for the money he keeps in his checking account. Most regulations produce their effects more subtly and less directly, but the effects are pervasive and no one escapes their operation.

History is not lacking in examples from the past. Ever since mercantilism replaced feudalism the temptation to regulate labor, land and money has been irresistible. On May 6, 1795, the justices of Berkshire, England, met at Speenhamland. They set forth a scale of wage subsidies tied to the price of bread, so that a minimum income would be assured to workingmen irrespective of their wages. It was a time of great social distress in England, and the Speenhamland scales were intended as emergency measures. In

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short order, the subsidies spread through most of the country.

"No measure was ever more universally popular," according to the late Dr. Karl Polanyi. "Parents were free of the care of their children, and children no more dependent upon parents; employers would reduce wages at will and laborers were safe from hunger whether they were busy or slack; humanitarians applauded the measure as an act of mercy even though not of justice and the selfish gladly consoled themselves with the thought that though it was merciful at least it was not liberal."

In the long run the result was disastrous. Wage subsidies, paid from public funds, removed the floor from wage levels, which sank steadily until poor relief was preferable to working. The Speenhamland law was repealed in 1834.

There are many parallels in today's society to Speenhamland's attempt to push a string, well intentioned and potentially disastrous to all concerned.

Most citizens are unaware of the provisions of the Credit Control Act of 1969. This singular piece of legislation empowers the federal government to determine which citizens of the United States may borrow money, from whom, and how they are allowed to spend it. Not generally, but specifically and in detail. It arms the President with sweeping authority to license all lenders, register all loans, prohibit credit for purposes deemed inappropriate, prescribe maximum amounts of loans, establish maximum rates of interest, minimum down payments on purchases, and conditions for the repayment of loans. The government has never yet invoked these standby powers. But they are there, and others are now proposed.

The credit allocator's quandary is that, in the final analysis, he cannot hope to control anything unless he controls everything. If mortgage credit is cheap enough, the home owner can enlarge his mortgage and spend the money for anything he chooses, including the purchase of scarce commodities. Or a person can borrow on his or her life insurance at low interest rates set by law, thereby reducing the pool of funds that the insurance company has to invest in bonds and mortgages. To the committed allocationist the final solution is obvious: he must not only control the way our citizens lend or borrow money, but he must also control the way they spend it. And so on and on to price controls and the disasters of Speenhamland all over again.

There may be policy makers who believe this to be in the national interest, but it is doubtful that many citizens will find it to be in theirs.

* * *

A fuller discussion of this topic can be found in Credit Allocation: An Exercise in the Futility of Controls. *Copies of this Citibank study are available from Citicorp, Public Affairs Department, 399 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10043.*

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then got cold feet, we finally conducted an interview on the evening of June 12 in Mr. Rogge's office.

During a two-and-a-half hour discussion on all aspects of the Rosenberg case, 40 minutes were spent reviewing in detail the sequence of interrogations that followed David's arrest. What the Greenglasses say they remember now is so filled with contradiction, lapses of memory and apparent evasions that we went away unconvinced that the typing incident ever took place.

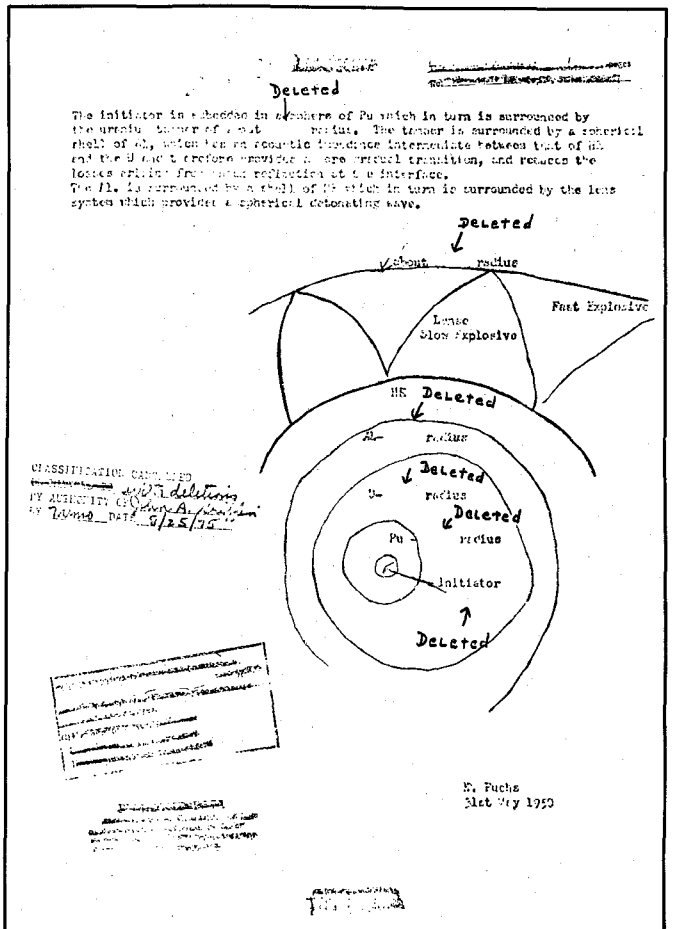
At first, when asked whether the whole story had been told to the FBI in the summer of 1950, Ruth answered: "You mean did we hold anything back? I doubt that." We pointed out that the FBI files indicated that long after Ethel's arrest that summer, there was no mention of her being present when information was passed to Julius. David offered the explanation that he was trying to keep his sister out of the case at first. Asked how he then came to implicate her, David said: "Well I recall at one point, it's in my mind, that one of the FBI men said to me: 'You came to Julius's apartment and you discussed all this stuff. Where was Ethel?' so at that point I said, 'Yeah, she must have been around,' because obviously she was."

When we said that according to the FBI files the Greenglasses never mentioned the incident of Ethel's typing until two weeks before the trial, they both expressed astonishment. "You mean that was the first mention of it?" Ruth asked. David exclaimed: "Is that a fact?"

Ruth in particular couldn't recall when she told her interrogators the story of the typing. "I know it was told to them, but I don't remember when. I can't remember when I told them a particular thing."

But Ruth said that she never really had the details of the September 1945 incident in the Rosenberg's living room—the passing of the A-bomb information and Ethel's typing—fixed in her mind, even during the FBI interrogation. Ruth said she just assumes "that we probably went over for dinner [to the Rosenbergs'] and did it at that time [September 1945] frankly because that would have been the way it would have been done." Asked if she could remember now going over to the Rosenbergs' for dinner in September 1945 and bringing the atomic bomb sketches, she answered, "No." "I remember David bringing something and giving it in his [Julius's] house, but as to whether it was this time [September 1945] I can't remember."

David Greenglass did make a stab at describing the particulars of the September 1945 transfer of information. "This is many years later. This is not five years later but 40 years later we are talking about almost. OK. What happened I think is this: I remember him coming over and giving him the sketch and later on he said 'It's got to be typed and you better come over.' The idea was for me to stand there correcting. That's how it came about. That's why we went over, but I already gave him the sketch." This version contradicts David's trial testimony that he brought the sketch with him when he and his wife went to the Rosenbergs' for dinner.



The Real Thing

This is a sketch Klaus Fuchs drew for the FBI during an interrogation in prison on May 26, 1950. It was reproduced in a letter summarizing what Fuchs had told the FBI, and sent to members of the Atomic Energy Commission on July 18, 1950. The letter was among the FBI papers released—with deletions—very recently. We showed this sketch to Philip Morrison, who was one of the top physicists in the Manhattan project. He remarked, "It's the real thing." Fuchs told the FBI that he had given a sketch just like this one, plus explanatory notes, to his Soviet courier in June 1945. By contrast, David Greenglass did not produce his sketch for the Russians until September 1945. Compared to Fuchs's, Greenglass's crude sketch was next to worthless.

The Greenglasses both emphatically denied that the government or the FBI put any pressure on them to change their story on Ethel's involvement. But when the interview was over, David said in a sort of summary statement: "If it was a choice between her [Ruth] and my sister, I'd take her any day—that was the choice that I thought I had. It was all in my mind. Nobody put pressure on me."

In sentencing Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to death, Judge Kaufman said that they had "altered the course of

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history," and had caused the "Communist aggression in Korea with the resulting casualties exceeding fifty-thousand." Here too, the government knew things that no one in the courtroom was aware of. It possessed secret documents—now released—demonstrating that what Greenglass gave to Rosenberg, and Rosenberg passed on to the Soviets, had little practical value.

Back in May 1950, the FBI had interviewed Klaus Fuchs. Fuchs admitted having told the Russians just about everything he knew about the atomic bomb. Given Fuchs's position at the highest scientific echelons of the Manhattan Project, this meant practically everything known in 1945 about the construction of the bomb, and the implosion process as well. One written report he delivered to Harry Gold, he told the FBI, contained "a description of an atomic-bomb . . . , a sketch of the bomb and its components with important dimensions indicated, and a written description of various technical aspects of the bomb." Fuchs handed over his notes and sketches months before Greenglass's material was purportedly typed by Ethel Rosenberg in her living room. The government thus knew that Greenglass's own sketch, and other information supplied by this machinist with no scientific training, were both piddling and redundant compared to the material supplied by Fuchs.

At the Rosenberg trial, however, there was no one to challenge the government's story of Greenglass and the Rosenbergs having delivered to the Russians *the* secret of the atomic bomb. The defense attorney actually helped the prosecution establish this point. In a move that has never been rationally explained, Emanuel Bloch moved to have Greenglass's testimony about the notes and sketches he delivered to Rosenberg in September 1945 impounded, because of the vital national security secrets they contained. The prosecution could not have been more delighted.

Klaus Fuchs got 14 years, was eventually released from prison, and then, until his recent retirement, headed East Germany's nuclear science program in Dresden. David Greenglass, expecting three to five years as a reward for his cooperation, received 15 years, and served 10. Ruth Greenglass, as agreed, was never indicted. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg went to Sing Sing to await electrocution.

The government now had that powerful lever it was looking for—one that it thought might finally break Julius Rosenberg and lead them to his friends—to Barr and Sarant, to Perl, Glassman, Finestone and perhaps even some others.

[Aftermath: The Propaganda War]

The death penalty was so outrageous, so violated one's ordinary sense of equity and fair play that it drew attention to a cause that even the organized left previously had ignored.

With the din of cold war propaganda rising on all sides, the reality of who the Rosenbergs were, what they really believed in, what they had actually done was never frankly discussed.

The Communist movement's initial response was to pretend the Rosenbergs didn't exist. Then when the party realized, first that the Rosenbergs wouldn't break, and second that thousands, perhaps millions, of people might be willing to march to stop the executions, it stepped in with banners unfurled.

Half a dozen former party members we talked to, including two former top leaders who went to jail under the Smith Act and a leading writer for the *Daily Worker*, said that it was widely assumed by insiders that the Rosenbergs had dropped out of the party for strategic reasons; several said it was to do "secret work." Herman Starobin, a CP member who was a college friend of Julius Rosenberg, went so far as to say: "I am pretty convinced, though I could never prove it, that there was a relationship between Julie and the Russians."

Junius Scales, who served a five-year jail sentence for his party leadership role, told us that when party members dropped out to work for the Russians, one of the surefire signs was that their subscriptions to the *Daily Worker* were canceled, and it was usually handled from the top, not through the subscription department. He told us: "I know that in the Rosenbergs' case that took place, that they were dropped and it was handled at the highest level at the time. It wasn't handled routinely."

Yet at the time of the campaign to save the Rosenbergs, when these men were still in the party, it could not even be admitted that the Rosenbergs were Communists. The official propaganda line was that the Rosenbergs were the first victims of American fascism; that they were swept off the streets because they were simple, good "progressives" and Jews.

The Rosenbergs too preferred a defense along these lines. They were even willing to die, not merely to protect a few of their friends, but also to defend the Communist party, and to uphold its version of cold war history.

The government was committed to its own big lie. In its public pronouncements, it hammered away at the theme that the Rosenbergs were jointly responsible for changing the course of history to the disadvantage of the United States.

For the last time, on the morning of the executions, President Eisenhower repeated the myth of Ethel's full involvement, echoing the words of Judge Kaufman, and citing the alleged "millions of dead whose deaths may be attributable to what these spies have done." Even as the president issued that statement, the FBI stood by at the Sing Sing death house with their questionnaire, ready to ask Julius if his wife was "cognizant" of his activities. In a case full of deceits this was the most cynical of all.

But then the full truth—messy, complicated, unflattering to almost everyone involved—was the last thing that either side wanted out.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Outlaws and In-laws

Butch and Sundance: The Early Days (20th Century-Fox). As far as theme is concerned, it might as well be called *The Deer Hunter: The Early Days*. Once more we plunge into the primal American myth of male friendship: why this friendship and its adventures are the best things in life; how women are meant to watch and wait and understand, with a brave grave sigh, that men must be off on their manly doings. The fact that the doings in the case of *B and S* are outlawry—theft, violence, and, eventually, murder—matters little under the grand rubric of light-hearted, essentially boyish male palship.

What a bore it is, that idea, that American idea. So far as I'm aware, this is the only country in which it has such dominance, historically traceable to the frontier, of course. As slavery is the great social curse of this country's inheritance, the superiority of male bonding is the great psychological curse. But because it *is* part of our heritage, sometimes it can be exploited affectingly: with limited charm, as in the first *B and S* (1969) or by direct visceral grapple, as in Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch*. When the charm is merely laborious, as in the new *B and S*, or when the visceral appeal falls very short, as it does here, the result is tedious—even repellent. *The Deer Hunter* attempted to understand its characters and to comment on its theme; the new *B and S* just assumes, because of its predecessor, that we will love it, will find it all winning. It has no view of its material other than (further) exploitation.

Like *The Godfather Part II*, it's really Part One, as its subtitle tells us. It spends its time trying to plant antecedents for the earlier Newman/Redford film—a jump into a river, a train robbery—and it has no shape. It's just a series of adventures, which could have been shorter or longer, and none of the adventures is amusing or exciting or moving.

(Does anyone remember *The Hired Hand*, directed by Peter Fonda in 1971 and starring him, which in a plainly imperfect but plainly gifted way dealt with the conflict of the frontier versus civilization—within one male bosom?)

The script of the new *B and S* by Allan Burns tries, like the old *B and S*, to combine the flavor of the Old West with that of *New York* magazine. "Terrific" say two people out there in old Wyoming, a word that, according to the *Dictionary of American Slang*, didn't get its current sense of "wonderful" until around 1939. (And diphtheria serum is transported by the young B and S. They were born in the 1860s; the serum was discovered, in Germany, in 1892.)

William Katt (Butch) and Tom Berenger (Sundance) do their best to look and act like Newman and Redford in the egg(s). They're not bad, but neither are they good, because they have been so carefully directed to lead, in this reversed sequence, to a film that is out already. Only two others in the cast are worth notice: Jeff Corey, who reappears as Sheriff Bledsoe, and Brian Dennehy as a slightly deaf heavy. Dennehy impressed as a knockabout Irishman in the Off-Broadway production of *Says I, Says He* this past season, and he's differently strong here.

The director was Richard Lester, over whom the obsequies need not be repeated. He once made his own pictures, marvelously. (*A Hard Day's Night*, *The Knack*, *How I Won the War*.) Now he makes other people's. One of the tenets of auteur criticism is that the tension between a director and the studio system is fruitful. Even theoretically, that could have been true only for a director born into the system, not one who once had freedom and lost it. Lester these days is like Samson in Gaza.

And a word about the unfortunately beautiful cinematography of Laszlo Kovacs. Apple orchards in spring, great expanses of snow under the winter sun, tiny silhouettes among giant wind-carved rocks, a soft and lovely fade-in of the opening close-up—what nonsense all this makes of the very idea of good cinematography. A great vulgarization is going on with the motion-picture camera these days, the equivalent of using the Chicago Symphony to play "Jingle Bells." No matter what the subject or intent of a film, the bottom line in almost every case is exquisite photography. I don't argue that slight or intentionally light films should be photographed poorly, but it's quite clear that superb camerawork is becoming a drug/justification/cop-out. "Maybe if we snow them with beautiful snow scenes they won't notice how thin the script is." Or: "How can you say this picture is cheap or stupid? Just *look* at these beautiful shots." *Days of Heaven*, a failed serious film, relied heavily on breath-taking cinematography to substantiate a wispy, inorganic work. The new *B and S*, a failed trivial work, wants Kovacs to make us gasp at all times and to have the gasping sustain us through the tedium.

Insofar as this subject is a serious aesthetic debate, it seems to have begun around the time of *2001* and was furthered by *Barry Lyndon*. We "literary" types are told that we have wrong expectations, that the images are themselves the film's being. This seems to me about as valid as maintaining that Pavarotti's *vocalise* is equally rewarding with his performance in an opera. As a

Films Worth Seeing

The China Syndrome. Too simplified in its villainies, still a whiz of a thriller—about trouble in a nuclear energy plant.

The Deer Hunter. Superbly acted, sometimes well directed, weakly worked-out script about the limitations of male mystique—set in the US and Vietnam.

Norma Rae. Sally Field *lives*—in this slightly naive but deeply moving drama of labor organizing in the Deep South today.

The Tree of Wooden Clogs. Three hours of Italian peasant life, c. 1900, made by Ermanno Olmi. Full marks for his honesty and compassion, though the film flattens as it goes.

SK

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theory, this "image" argument wants to *reduce* the film which, I would maintain, is a complex medium with several virtually equivalent components. In practice, the argument justifies a lot of gorgeous vacuums. In sum, it is proving yet again that there is no such thing as a cinematographic artist. There is at best only a gifted cinematographer working for an artist.

The In-Laws (Warner Bros.). For a change, the script is better than the execution, and in time the script wins out over the execution.

During the first 15 minutes or so, as the premise is laid down, it looks like a good idea that has been bilked by insufficiently acute direction and some weak casting in secondary roles. But the author, Andrew Bergman, keeps loading on so many comic convolutions that the sheer weight of the load breaks down our resistance, and the picture gets funny. And funnier.

I won't give any more than the premise. A New York Jewish dentist's daughter is about to marry the son of a New York Italian rich hood. The two prospective fathers-in-law have never met. They meet. The picture is about these two men, as the hood gets the dentist involved in a series of nicely incredible situations. Bergman, who first surfaced as a critic with a book about Depression films called *We're in the Money*, knows the screwball comedies of the period and, probably, knows the gangster comedies like those made in the early 1940s, by Cesar Romero with Milton Berle. The better for Bergman.

The director, Arthur Hiller, doesn't have much of a frivolous touch. And he permits too many unbelievable escapes from shootings: things could have been arranged so that we needn't suspend our disbelief quite so high. But at least he didn't over-photograph the picture. Peter Falk, the hood, is much better here than in *The Brink's Job* simply because he has a better part. Alan Arkin, the dentist, gives his nearly deadpan performance of a man in anguish or panic, and as usual he times it all nicely. Stay with the film's slowish start, and it speeds up—right through the last-minute twists.

I lost Mary Pickford long before her death. In fact she was never really much in my life. Many millions disagree: but to me the innocence and the pluck, the whimsy and the waif appeal were always mechanical, manufactured.

Still, her death reminded me of some things, large and small. First, how young the film medium is. One of the very earliest stars lives until almost the middle of 1979. Second, how important her career was in business terms, in contractual and other matters. A chapter in Benjamin Hampton's *History of the American Film Industry* is entitled "The Pickford Revolution."

And two lesser matters. She had two famous marriages, to Douglas Fairbanks and Buddy Rogers, but in fact she had a husband before them—Owen Moore, one of the once-familiar three Moore brothers. And she holds a unique record. She is the only actor/actress to win an Academy award (*Coquette*, 1929) who subsequently appeared in the same role on stage (1935).

From *Brown* to *Bakke*: The Supreme Court and School Integration, 1954-1978 by J. Harvie Wilkinson, III

(Oxford University Press; $17.95)

When the 25th anniversary of the Supreme Court's *Brown* decision rolled around last month, the report on school desegregation commissioned by HEW to mark the occasion was withheld from publication. The panel composing the commission includes some of the most outstanding social scientists concerned with the problem. Second only to members of the judiciary, social scientists have been instrumental in shaping policy and building support for school integration. Now it turns out that they are sharply divided over the issue.

Last year when the Supreme Court took up the *Bakke* case, its members were embarrassed by a similar quandary. From the start of the movement for racial integration the Court had led the march. Now after a quarter of a century the justices were divided down the middle, with eight taking polar positions, four on each side, and one bridging the chasm for a decision popularly perceived as 4½ to 4½. The opinion was capsulated as "Quotas: No/ Race: Yes." The rule of unanimity in court opinions and consensus of public opinion on desegregation and integration had become things of the past.

The credentials of J. Harvie Wilkinson III as guide to lead us through the judicial maze from *Brown* to *Bakke* and the tumult of public response will be challenged. He is a white southerner, a native of Virginia, and a former law clerk to Supreme Court Justice Lewis F. Powell. No doubt he bears watching, but before he is dismissed on those grounds he deserves a hearing on his premise:

> Brown *may be the most important political, social, and legal event in America's twentieth-century history. Its greatness lay in the enormity of injustice it condemned, in the entrenched sentiment it challenged, in the immensity of law it created and overthrew. It is rich in national insight, a beginning point of American introspection. It was a crossroads, not just for an outcast race, but for an outcast region, a testing ground for liberal values and theory, a challenge for the rule of law and the authority of the Court. The story of* Brown *is the story of revolution: of a thousand tales of human suffering and sacrifice subsumed in the winning of a principle. So also was the triumph in* Brown *the triumph of revolution, a witness to both the end of an old order and the advent of an uncertain perceptibly better, though unmistakably imperfect new.*

Wilkinson's method is to present one side of any controversy, then the other, and leave the choice in the reader's lap. He does not confine his story to the courts but goes to the school boards and schoolrooms, the local editors and statehouses, the opinion forums, the agitators and the scholars. He does not neglect the plight of the victims nor forget the historic villainies. For all the confusion, betrayal and disenchantment he chronicles, he professes at the end that for him "the goal of racial justice remains as luminous as ever." For those who believe there is only one way to pursue that goal and only one side to any controversy about the means, this book will be a disappointment. For those who hold it is not all that simple there is much to learn.

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At first, however, there did indeed seem to be only one side for people of good will. In that bright May of 1954 when the unanimous *Brown* decision was handed down, the future was full of hope and solutions looked relatively simple. In the camaraderie of the playgrounds romping classmates would lead the country to integration, assimilation and racial justice. Color was only skin deep, for "we're all the same inside." The age-old cycle of ignorance and oppression would be broken by a generation gap—the bigger the better. On with upward mobility! The trouble was seen to be conveniently, and for the rest of the country painlessly, limited largely to the South, and it was time that obstinately backward region be brought to terms and "Americanized."

The first half of the book is devoted to the drama of desegregation in the South. Wilkinson carefully sets forth the arguments pro and con on the "deliberate speed" gradualism of the Court's *Brown II* decision of 1955. Whatever can be said for its wisdom, "deliberate speed" proved more operative in its adjective than in its noun. Wilkinson admits that the Court paid a terrible price for its caution and that "stagnation was inevitable" after *Brown II*. "From 1955 to 1968 the Supreme Court remained largely inactive in school desegregation," and the segregationist South retreated slowly through a succession of fallback positions.

School desegregation in the South progressed—or failed to do so—in five more or less successive stages. *Absolute defiance*, the first, ran from 1955 to the collapse of the Virginia-led massive resistance in 1959. That was followed by *token compliance* from 1959 to the Civil Rights Act of 1964. The third phase, which Wilkinson calls *modest integration*, marked a strategy to avoid the cut-off of funds by HEW. Then came the Court's decision of *Green* v. *County School Board* in 1968 that brought on *massive integration*. Before that phase was over it was overtaken by the beginnings of a fifth—*resegregation*. In fact there was overlapping in all these phases, and resort to assorted tactics of laws for pupil-placement, freedom-of-choice, grade-a-year, and neighborhood-school plans.

Decisive in putting an end to evasion and launching massive integration were decisions of Judge John Minor Wisdom of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in the mid-1960s. His premise was that school boards had a positive duty to integrate, not merely to stop segregating. The purpose of desegregation was nothing less than to redress the historic villainies inflicted on an entire race, not merely individuals, down through the generations. This was compensatory justice on a grand scale. It made federal courts the bold architects of school desegregation policy and opened the way to the broad discretion exercised by courts in student busing. The question about this admirable goal was one of attainability—not to mention dashed expectations of blacks and resentment by whites.

By 1971 the estimate of HEW was that 44 percent of black pupils attended majority white schools in the South and only 28 percent were similarly placed in the North and West. The South as a whole was the most integrated region in America, though in the blackest areas a white withdrawal from public schools into private segregated academies left many black pupils as segregated as they were before Brown.

The issue of compulsory busing to overcome segregation began in the South, but the *Swann* decision in 1970 to complete the subjugation of the South aroused the North and West to explosive resistance. Busing became in the early 1970s the hottest issue of national politics, for suddenly the entire nation, not merely the backward South, was summoned to sacrifice for integration. It was one thing for courts to use drastic decrees to bring the South to terms—quite another to apply them in Boston, Detroit, Dayton, Denver or Pasadena. The question then arose whether integration was really a worthwhile goal, whether our faith in it had been

THE RETURN TO A CABIN

Cool suddenly,
your first night, and so queer
at once to discover

how many things
you'd forgotten or concealed:
the forest thickening and the wild

frantic ticking in the weeds
like a thousand racing clocks
and the ragged packs

of what could be birds
gathering over the river but
for their peculiar, skidding flight;

in a wooden room
that seems with the nightfall
to have changed its smell

you move and even think
warily, new noises sinking in
by way of your prickled skin. . . .

You retained the joys
of a sunset here—cloud
and birch-clump dyed

the same watery pink
and the day's last light
bundled off by the river—but not

the succeeding fright
which catches like a burr
in the chest, threatening to tear,

and nothing of how a sky
so overrun by stars
can chase a person indoors

and nothing of the frenzied
strength of moths—just like a man's
knock—knocking on the windowpanes.

Brad Leithauser

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misplaced or naive, whether it really did anybody any good, whether it was worth the risk and the agony, whether it was attainable at all.

Experts heatedly debated questions of practical policy. Did not the very plans devised to end segregation in fact make it worse by encouraging white flight from the schools or from city to suburb? Did the resulting deterioration of public schools drive out both black and white middle class? Wasn't the American institution deserted by the middle class in serious trouble? Did not compulsory busing integrate the underprivileged of both races and leave poor blacks and working-class whites to fight it out? Was the price of integration the degradation or destruction of the schools integrated?

The answers to such questions were not clear, and sociologists of repute differed on them. But if rigid segregation was discredited in the 1950s, inflexible compulsory mass integration came under heavy intellectual assault in the 1970s. Very few pronounced integration a failure, but few any longer held it to be a panacea. The question was narrowed to how long it would take to produce desired results and under what conditions. Should success or failure be measured in academic or in social terms? If massive integration led to desegregation or disruption, were not more limited and modest efforts indicated? If oppression and segregation had lasted so long, were not patience and time required to correct their results?

With so many doubts rife among the advocates of integration and the experts, outright opponents seized the initiative. School suits erupted across the North in the middle 1970s as opposition to busing spread. The Supreme Court may not have followed the opinion polls, but its 1974 decision of five to four in *Milliken* v. *Bradley* reflected a sharp turn in its course on school desegregation. In the Detroit case over compulsory busing of suburban children to predominantly black city schools, the Court "saved" the white suburbs. This was the blacks' first loss of a school case before the Supreme Court since *Brown*. Justice Thurgood Marshall called it "a giant step backward," one he predicted "our people will ultimately regret." Like-minded viewed *Milliken* v. *Bradley* as the *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* of the Second Reconstruction—a commitment renewed and then renounced, again in the name of public peace. If so, *Brown* had been betrayed, blacks abandoned, racism indulged, and after a century the Compromise of 1877 had been re-enacted.

On the other hand *Milliken* was represented by advocates as the better part of judicial wisdom. After all, the ideal could not outpace the achievable. White anxieties as well as black aspirations, they said, had to be taken into account. If there were limits to American power abroad unapparent in 1954, there were also limits to power at home to be acknowledged. After Vietnam and Watergate an uncertainty of purpose as well as a sense of limited power gripped the national mind. Perhaps history was so immobile that judicial decree could not quickly wipe out centuries of injustice. So, at any rate, ran the argument.

Bakke rode in, as Wilkinson puts it, on "the riptides to the Second Reconstruction. The message was as appealing as it was oversimplified: Down with special preference, up with fair play." Affirmative action in higher education was on trial, and 58 lawyers got into the act with as many briefs filed—an all-time record for a single case. Opposing arguments of equal legitimacy clashed without establishing decisive advantage. Arguments on each side were inflated. The principle of proportionality in admissions had long been used for various purposes and would obviously continue to be used. On the other hand racial quotas suffered constitutional weaknesses and afflicted black achievement with a presumption of charity.

The Court fudged the issue in its decision. By the narrowest of margins it supported the principle of affirmative action and renounced the use of quotas. The decision would seem at first to have made little difference, though it is too early to say with any assurance. It would be a final irony were *Bakke* to be historically bracketed with *Brown* out of coincidence or alliteration. Morally they belong in entirely different categories: *Bakke* filed under Compromises, 2nd Class; *Brown* under Principles, 1st Class. We are not likely to hear the last of the latter for a long time.

C. Vann Woodward

C. Vann Woodward is professor of history emeritus at Yale University.

Gladstone: A Progress in Politics
by Peter Stansky

(Little, Brown; $9.95)

William Ewart Gladstone (1809-98), four times prime minister of England and greatest of Victorian Liberals, delivered in the course of his enormous career—as enormous in its way as the reign of Queen Victoria, who detested him—some 2000 speeches, chiefly in the House of Commons. With his leonine face, his flashing eyes, his melodious voice and menacing gestures, he enraged, captivated and compelled that difficult assembly for two generations. His speeches were far from concise: indeed his critics have been known to say that if his arguments were liberal, his parentheses were conservative.

There is in fact a certain *dédoublement* in Gladstone's character and background. Both his parents were Scottish: but his mother was a passionate Highlander and a stern Evangelical; and his merchant father was a shrewd and sober Lowlander who, no less strict, had been converted to the High Church. It was (said his Boswell, John Morley) as if a Highlander had been enclosed in a Lowlander, or as if—to use an English metaphor—the Proudie and Grantly factions in Trollope's *Barchester Towers* had decided to live together in harmony under the same roof.

From his *nouveau riche* background he was sent to Eton and Christ Church, then almost exclusively the haunts of the upper class; and he married Catherine Glynne, daughter of an old landed Flintshire family, whose Hawarden Castle became his home for the rest of his life. He thought of himself as a country gentleman, even while his mercantile policies and occasional but triumphant bouts of mob oratory brought down upon him the wrath of the landed interest and the fury of the queen.

Intellectually a dogmatic High

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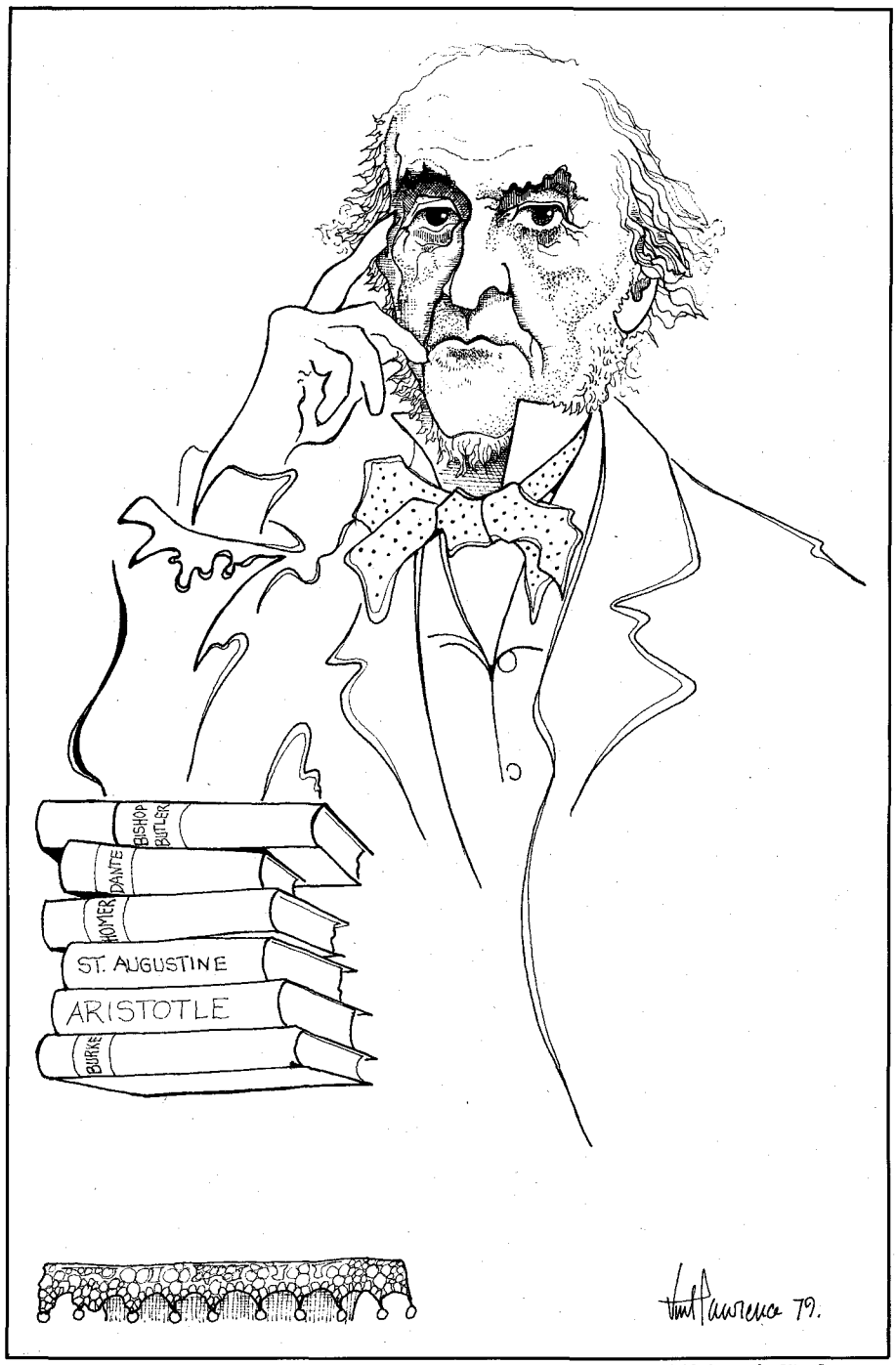
Churchman, he was in conscience and temperament an Evangelical. He nourished and imperfectly concealed a conviction that—as he wrote in his diary—"the Almighty seems to sustain and spare me for some purpose of His own." Here Henry Labouchere, MP and republican editor of *Truth*, had his own comment to make. He said that he did not object to Mr. Gladstone, a most astute parliamentarian, having the ace of trumps up his sleeve, but did most strongly object to his reiterated claim that God Almighty had put it there.

From a modern point of view, Gladstone can be rather repulsive. His moral conscience seems abnormally enlarged, his social conscience at best a rudimentary organ. Compared to his great and fascinating rival, Benjamin Disraeli, he does not come off well. Both were romantics, but of what a different order! Disraeli was a skeptical romantic, Gladstone a solemn one. It is this solemnity which puts us off. We find his pietism distressing and pompous; we accuse him of hypocrisy; we think him a prig.

This is a fundamental mistake. Gladstone was a giant among men, but (as Disraeli told the queen) he was not a man of the world. He took little account of contemporary thought: his real guides and companions were Aristotle, St. Augustine, Homer, Dante, Bishop Butler and Burke. In his spare time an evangelical hellenist, he would year after year endeavor to reconcile Homer and the Old Testament. Year after year, to the dismay of his colleagues, and even when he was prime minister, he would carry out his missionary plan to rescue prostitutes through personal conversation under the street lamps of London. Somewhere at the heart of his complex character there lay a genuine and childlike simplicity. It is one of the secrets of his greatness, one of the keys to his popular appeal.

To restore him to his proper context in that world on the other side of the looking glass, the political world of "old" or classical liberalism, to set forth what he hoped to achieve, how well he achieved it, and in what respects it was worth achieving—this is a difficult task. But Peter Stansky, in this fine perceptive study, has brilliantly succeeded. And he has done so by subjecting Gladstone's life, character and philosophy to the test of certain pivotal speeches in the House of Commons.



drawing of Gladstone by Vint Lawrence

These speeches cover a wide field. They take him from High Tory to high-minded Peelite to leader of the Liberal party; from a defense or extenuation of West Indian slavery when he was young to a bitter assault upon the House of Lords when he was old. They include the baroque and almost unintelligible soliloquy in which, in 1845, he explained his resignation from Sir Robert Peel's cabinet. Sir Robert had proposed a subsidy to Ireland's Catholic Maynooth College; and Gladstone was resigning, not because he disagreed but because he agreed. But unfortunately he had published a book in 1838 in which he roundly declared that the British state could give no aid to any religious group but the Established Church of England. He was resigning—this is Stansky's explanation and it is far the best—as an act of "propitiation" for his Tory past. Six years later, in March 1861, he delivered the first of his great speeches in defense of religious liberty.

How do his speeches stand up under the inspection of those three Liberal deities—Peace, Retrenchment and

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Reform? He was, above all, a man of Peace. He assailed Lord Palmerston's gunboat diplomacy in the preposterous Don Pacifico crisis; and he blasted his China policy—from the Opium War of 1840 to the odious destruction of the Summer Palace of Peking in 1860. He supported the Crimean War but *not* its prolongation. Eschewing revenge, he sought reconciliation with Transvaal, after its ignominious defeat of a British army at Majuba. In Parliament and out, he poured his contempt upon "Beaconsfieldism," Disraeli's militant and gaudy concept of empire. He believed in a foreign policy based upon a concert of Europe and a lessening of British commitments elsewhere. It is the irony of ironies that, in the face of a jealous Europe and to protect the road to an India which did not much interest him, he should have been obliged to occupy nationalist Egypt by force in 1882.

Gladstone hated lavish expenditures on armaments; he called them a divine punishment for belligerence. Otherwise, as chancellor of the exchequer, he was an outstanding example of the treasury mind, applying an exceptional knowledge of finance to the dismal policy of thrift. Retrenchment had no greater flamen than he. Budgets, of course, are more than financial; and in his seminal budget of 1860, by deserting protection for free trade, he moved at once into the realm of Reform.

Gladstone was hardly blind to the fact that free trade is the very handmaid of industrial hegemony: but he preferred to see things in moral terms. Not only did his faith in free trade demonstrate his expressed belief in fairness to all classes but it also conformed—in Stansky's memorable words—"to a classical liberal pattern of not taking positive steps but of removing restrictions."

This is, needless to say, fundamentally two-sided. In May 1864, in a debate on a modest extension of the franchise, Gladstone declared—it was one of the most explosive statements in mid-Victorian history—"I venture to say that every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of fitness or political danger is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution." He hastened to add that he did not believe in "sudden or violent or excessive or intoxicating change." This was laissez-faire in its most delphic form; but to that respectable dialogue between the upper and middle classes which usually passed for domestic politics in mid-Victorian England, it sounded like universal suffrage and the dread rule of the trade unions. This, in fact, was the opinion of Lord Palmerston, the aged prime minister.

He need not have had any fear. It was in the course of the same speech, before dropping his bomb, that Gladstone said: "In our condition of life and feeling we have nothing analogous to that which the working man cannot but feel when he sees his labour being, as he thinks, undersold." This is compassion itself; but mark the sequel. "Yet it is still our duty," he continued, "to assert in the most rigid terms and carry high the doctrine of the right of every labouring man, whether with or without the approval of his class, to sell his labour as high or as low as he pleases."

This almost Benthamite doctrine carries us, as Professor Stansky shows, into the divided heart of classical liberalism, with its noble faith in the dignity of the individual in every walk of life and its characteristic proneness "to abandon him to overpowering social and economic forces." Time passed, the proneness remained: for when in 1871 Gladstone enacted a trade union bill which legalized the unions and their right to strike, he accompanied it with a Criminal Law Amendment Act, prohibiting the right to picket in any form!

The state that Gladstone sought to realize was the moral state, which gave the individual citizen more opportunities to do more things. In his great reforming first government (1868-74) he laid the foundations for much that was invaluable in administrative and political reform: only for social reform did he show little concern.

But there is one exception. In his old age, at the Newcastle Conference of 1891, a conference echoing and re-echoing with the collectivist language of the "New" Liberals, he spoke almost alone of Irish home rule. And it is in regard to Ireland that he towers head and shoulders above all his English contemporaries. In 1868 he succeeded in disestablishing that awesome anomaly the (Anglican) Church of Ireland and, by selling off some of its glebe, at least initiated the vital policy of land purchase. In 1871 he produced a land act, which strove to improve conditions in a somewhat imaginary Ireland, but which remains an essential first step. In 1881 he was responsible for yet another land act (accompanied by a fierce coercion act, for Ireland was in a state of grave unrest) which introduced the policy of "dual ownership" between landlord and tenant, but could not put an end to rack-renting and ignored the fact that the peasant wanted no landlords at all.

Then in 1886, in one of the greatest and most prophetic speeches he or any Victorian ever made, he introduced his first Home Rule Bill. The bill was deficient in many respects, but had it been passed it might have put the Irish question on the road to a just and peaceful answer. It was defeated by a combination of the Liberal party's Whig and Radical wings—a defeat which virtually killed the old party and may even have seriously hindered that significant but somewhat crepuscular "new" liberalism which died the death as a political power in 1915.

It took great courage for Gladstone to introduce it at all; but courage he never lacked. It was one of the two qualities—the other was a superb sense of parliamentary timing—that he shared with Disraeli to whom, with him, we are deeply grateful for one of the most wonderful confrontations in Parliamentary history.

Professor Stansky is an expert in late Victorian liberalism. To meet him here as he ranges over the whole Gladstonian

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saga is a most welcome, a highly stimulating event. In this fascinating and judicious book, full of important insights into the liberal past, he surely suggests that we should not be blinded by our own dilemmas, predilections and ideals and deluded into thinking—it is the worst kind of *ex post facto* history—that they could ever have been solved or satisfied or even have fully presented themselves in Gladstone's prime. Rather, we should give due heed to his own noble ideal of a moral and creative state, for here, as Stansky says, he is "unassailable."

George Dangerfield

George Dangerfield is the author of *The Damnable Question: Anglo-Irish Relations* (Little, Brown).

Stalin, Man of History
by Ian Grey
(Doubleday; $14.95)

As far as official writing is concerned, what is certain and predictable about the Soviet Union is its future. What is constantly changing is its past. Sometimes the past simply disappears. This year marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of two of the three men who did most to create the Soviet state. Yet do not expect a spate of books and articles commemorating Trotsky. That even one such should appear would be as surprising as Mr. Brezhnev's declaring that the USSR is to become a multi-party state.

But what to do about Stalin? This question must have occasioned some lively discussion in the Politburo. Should there be just a laconic *Pravda* announcement in December marking the anniversary of the birth of "an outstanding Party and state leader, erstwhile Secretary General, etc., Joseph V. Stalin"? Or an "objective" article in the *Problems of History*? Perhaps one might license a discreet celebration in Gori or even Tiflis? What makes the problem more troublesome is that some of the septuagenarians and sexagenarians in the current leadership, all of whom got their start in politics because of *that man*, will soon have to be replaced. Is there perhaps some new Khrushchev lurking in the wings who will try to reopen the Pandora's box on which they have so carefully been sitting ever since 1964? (In a 1962 poem Yevtushenko warned the government "to double, triple the guard on the tomb so that Stalin might not rise again.") It would be rather awkward—people might tend to be so superstitious—if Mr. Brezhnev was forced to lay down his duties or depart this vale of tears on or near the date his awesome predecessor chose to enter it.

In any case, it is unlikely that we shall see much new Soviet material on Stalin in the foreseeable future. Indeed, we have had intimations that, appalled by Khrushchev's garrulity on the subject, his successors put some of the most important documents of the era through the shredder. A Western historian is thus left with the material published prior to 1964, plus what has trickled through the *samizdat*; the latter, while deeply revealing of the human condition in Stalin's Russia, is unfortunately much less so when it comes to politics and the despot himself.

There is still ample room for new studies which would probe in depth some of the special problems of the period, arrive at new insights and hypotheses about developments which, though dealt with before, still leave many questions unanswered. But spare us from books like this one by Ian Grey! Though advertised as "researched from original sources," it is in fact culled entirely from previous Western books on Stalin. As such it could still be a worthwhile exercise if the author had done his reading carefully and checked his sources' references. But, alas, he has failed to do even this. Thus on page 210, in relating the struggle between Stalin and the left opposition, he quotes from a secondary source a speech—allegedly by Kamenev—which he acknowledges "sounded more like a tribute to Stalin's industry, judgement, and modesty than an attack as was intended." Had he consulted the original source he would have found an explanation: the sentences in question come from a speech by Voroshilov eulogizing Stalin and attacking Kamenev! Another example of his lack of diligence in following the secondary sources: on page 493 he brings up the subject of Stalin's marriage to Rosa Kaganovich, adding the cautionary note that "this third marriage, if in fact it ever existed, was never referred to publicly." Had Mr. Grey read attentively a biography he often quotes, or Svetlana Allilyeva's book which he also uses, he would have realized that, never mind "the third marriage," it was Rosa Kaganovich who never existed in the first place.

As suggested by his reference to Stalin's daughter—he castigates her "for the final betrayal of her father"—Mr. Grey is solicitous about his hero's reputation. This gives the book a kind of split personality since the author is in constant conflict with his materials. The story of Stalin's nervous collapse and inability to perform as head of government during the first few days of the German attack on the USSR is attested by several sources and is so generally accepted that it was described in a novel published in Russia when de-Stalinization had already been brought to a stop. Yet the author brushes all this evidence off as unworthy slander: "In fact Stalin had never been more in command than during these critical days when all seemed lost." He deals with the views of those who provided him with the material concerning the beginning of World War II with equal brusqueness. Stalin, he states, was surprised that Britain and France went to war on behalf of Poland. "He had expected [them] . . . to back out of their treaty obligations." Quite the opposite; as the evidence clearly shows, from Stalin's point of view the Nazi-Soviet pact made sense only if the Western powers and Germany became entangled in war, and to be absolutely sure that they would, he delayed the formal ratification of the pact as long as he could.

At times this "revisionist" impulse leads to plain distortion. "In January 1945 Armia Krajowa [Home Army] was converted into an underground army on the orders of the Polish government in London. . . . [It] waged guerrilla war against Russians in Poland. . . . In March Okulicki and fifteen underground leaders were arrested and taken to Moscow." The Polish resistance forces did not have to be "converted" into an underground army. They had been that during their six years' struggle *against the Germans*. But the rest of what

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Mr. Grey says cannot be simply out of ignorance. The facts are as follows: as the Russian front advanced into Poland in 1944-45, Polish resistance fighters would come out of hiding and identify themselves to Russian commanders, only to be disarmed, imprisoned, and in some cases shot. General Okulicki and his companions were not simply "arrested." The Red Army invited, through intermediaries, the underground leaders to come into the open and to confer with its command. Having been assured on the word of honor of the Soviet commander of their immunity, the 16 traveled to Marshal Zhukov's headquarters, there to "disappear," their fate announced by the Soviets two months later. Likewise it is difficult to believe that it is just ignorance that accounts for the passage—"with the atom bomb at their disposal, the Allies were rejecting Russian aid and furiously planning to bring about Japan's defeat before Russia could declare war." Who—and where and when—rejected "Russian aid"?

All of which gives added piquancy to the author's strictures on what others had written on the subject before he undertook to set the story straight: ". . . hostile or with a strong bias against [Stalin] . . . interesting and often of great value, but must be treated with caution. . . . If the rules of evidence followed in the British court of law were applied, most of it would be inadmissible."

In what he offers as his own message, Mr. Grey rehashes points made by Isaac Deutscher and E. H. Carr, whom he berates for following "Trotsky's line." And so, while his book cannot be taken seriously, one may comment on the argument. Briefly, it amounts to an assertion that Stalin was the architect of Russia's industrial and military greatness, and hence we should not be too finicky about the methods he used to promote this aim. But how did the millions starved during the state-made famine, those other millions who perished in forced labor camps, the officer corps Stalin destroyed on the eve of the war—how did all this destruction advance Russia's greatness? One must grant Stalin unusual skill, as well as luck, in retrieving *his own* political fortune from the disasters he brought upon his people. The hackneyed comparison with Peter the Great is also lame. The czar destroyed and was cruel toward those who fought him and his reforms. Stalin destroyed millions who were completely loyal or passive under his rule. The real problem then is not Stalin's reputation, but how the Stalin years could have happened, and what that tells us about communism and the Russian people today. For Stalinism remains an enduring challenge to Soviet rulers and society. The ghost of the tyrant still bestrides the system he created.

Adam B. Ulam

Adam B. Ulam, professor of government at Harvard University, is the author most recently of a revised edition of *The Unfinished Revolution* (Westview Press).

The Living End
by Stanley Elkin
(Dutton; $8.95)

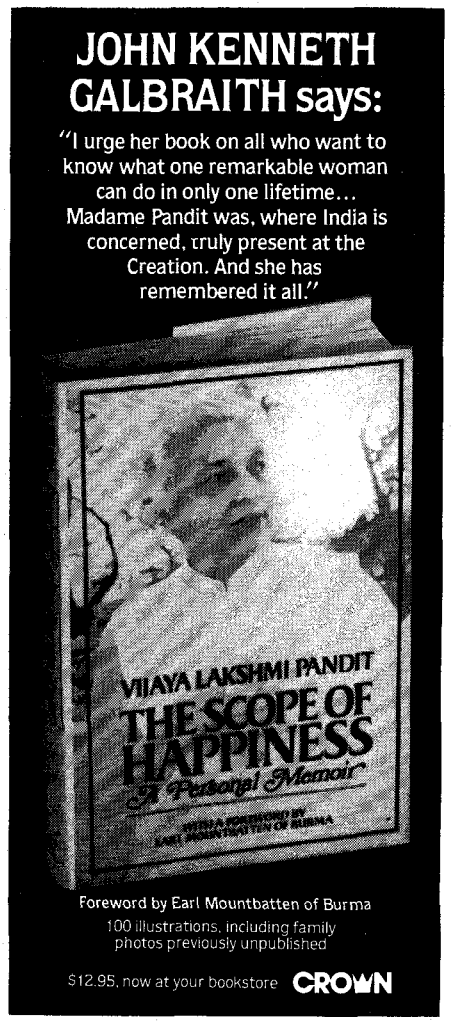
Searches & Seizures
by Stanley Elkin
(A Nonpareil book, David R. Godine Publisher Inc.; $5.95)

Stanley Elkin is a "writer's writer," a designation at once happy and sad. Sad because his older titles are not to be found at the nearest paperback store but, with luck, in the used book stalls. His is the sort of name publishing houses like to trot out when accused of Harold Robbins or Robin Moore.

Elkin does close-order dialogue as snappy as Heller or Roth, and his eye for contemporary detail is as sharp as Barthelme's. So what's amiss? Let him tell you. Like many modern writers, he's forever talking about what he's up to through the guise of his narrator, in this case Alexander Main of "The Bailbondsman." Main, speaking of himself in the third person, says:

> *The Phoenician loves his philosophy, is charmed by the sharp propositions that precede the thick texts and weighty arguments. As for the rest, the proofs that win, the arduous, numbing connections—I have no patience, or perhaps the equipment is wanting. But the examples,* ah! *I've a weakness for examples, a sweet tooth for instance and all the gossip inherent in idea. A joke better than a story, an hypothesis richer than a case. I'm queer for conditions, I say, a scientist distracted by personality.*

"The Bailbondsman," recently reprinted with two other novellas in *Searches & Seizures*, is one of the great works in the language—right up there, perhaps, with "The Bear" and "Bartleby." But you must grant Elkin his premises. He has no interest in "the arduous, numbing connections" in plot or even structure. He's not anti-story, like our friends on the continent, but rather has an insatiable "sweet tooth for instance," which he treats with gags, interpolated tales, catalogues and assorted set pieces. Like Tristram Shan-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dy, he believes in progress by digression.

Two more discomforting things. Character leaves him cold: he is exclusively "distracted by personality," the outré—no middle-range intensities for him. Thus, he is always *on*; there are no readerly reliefs, no rest stops on his highway. And, asked once in an interview how "conviction" enters into his artistic process, he answered: "Why that's easy. You just give everyone the best lines." So much for John Gardner and his earnest notion of "moral fiction."

Elkin's new collection of novellas, *The Living End*, will probably disappoint his faithful; it's slighter, less fiercely written than *Searches & Seizures*. The lead story, "The Conventional Wisdom," is of interest, however, as a sort of parable about Elkin's fictional method. Ellerbee, the main character, is down on his luck: for starters, his house has burned down, his liquor store has been knocked over by ski-masked hoods; two of his clerks have been killed. Undaunted, Ellerbee opens a second liquor store, gets shot himself by a second brace of hoods, and is visited by The Angel of Death. That's right, *The Angel of Death*. "They went to Heaven" we are told—a bit of stage information as mind-blowingly laconic as Shakespeare's "Exit Antigonus pursued by a bear."

All this is prelude; now the parable. In Heaven, once Ellerbee "was convinced of his death, nothing seemed particularly strange. If anything, it was all a little familiar." He hears a Heavenly Choir ("Oh dem golden slippers"), sees the Pearly Gates and meets Saint Peter. He observes the flowing raiments of angels ("There are actually raiments, he thought, there are actually angels") who really do partake of manna and ambrosia. All systems seem paradisiacal until Saint Peter says, beautifully, "Go to Hell." Ellerbee does, and smolders there for 62 years. Finally, he achieves an audience with God, demands and gets an "explanation." Dressed in a "carefully tailored summer suit like a pediatrician in a small town," God turns out to be a strict constructionist on the Ten Commandments: Ellerbee, among other sins, failed to honor his mother and father—never mind that he was an orphan and never knew them.

It is Ellerbee's discovery, and Elkin's first fictional principle, that "everything is true":

> *even the conventional wisdom, perhaps especially the conventional wisdom—that which had made up Heaven like a shot in the dark and imagined into reality halos and Hell, gargoyles, gates of pearl, and the Pearl of Great Price, that had invented the horns of demons and cleft their feet and conceived angels riding clouds like cowboys on horseback, their harps at their sides like goofy guitars. Everything. Everything was. The self and what you did to protect it, learning the house odds, playing it safe—the honorable percentage baseball of existence.*

The motive force of Elkin's writing is "the conventional wisdom" itself. His aggressive, high energy rhetoric comes into being under the pressure of cliché, which is not to suggest that his métier is either satire or camp. Rather, he seems to share with Emerson the vaguely platonic idea that the hackneyed is "fossile poetry"—the Truth in tatters, in its fallen condition. When he is good, Elkin inhabits the interstices of stereotype, wherein he cracks jokes, performs prodigies of description, wonders mightily, and as a by-product, comments acutely on the way we live.

"The Conventional Wisdom" is joined in *The Living End* by two other long stories inspired by pat phrases: "The Bottom Line" and "The State of the Art." The three works are contiguous: they feature the same cast and take place mostly in Heaven and Hell. If "The Bottom Line" is unconvincing, "The State of the Art" has brilliant moments. Especially outrageous and curiously moving are the passages in which Elkin elaborates the old gags about the Virgin Mary's sluttishness into an anguished interior monologue and in which he perceives a brittle-talking Christ (the Lord's "designated hitter") and God Himself through an antic grid of father/son stereotypes.

The novellas in *The Living End* were written to be delivered at Breadloaf Writers Conferences; they are streamlined, tailored to the ear, not the eye. It is in *Searches & Seizures*, where Elkin has room to dilate, that he is most incorrigibly himself. "The Making of Ashenden" is a sometimes hilarious update of James's "Beast in the Jungle." The hero, Brewster Ashenden, is terribly rich—while his dad did not invent the matchbook, he did trick out the slogan "Close Cover Before Striking"—and senses that some great test is in store for him. The "test" turns out to be fornication with a bear in heat, and the trouble with the story, finally, is that the gag conclusion must be set up. "Every writer is a skater," said Emerson, a useful touchstone for Elkin, "and must go partly where he would and partly where the skates carry him." In "The Making of Ashenden," Elkin's skates get caught in a rut.

"The Bailbondsman" is, however, where Elkin shines. It is riddled with routine, caparisoned with catalogue. The novella follows Alexander Main through a more or less ordinary day: he visits a prison to interview potential clients; deals with a penny-ante mafioso; goes to a museum; ducks his fellow bondsmen; dreams of Oyp and Glyp, the only clients to ever successfully jump his bail; and ends up shooting at his clerk, Mr. Crainpool. Main is Elkin's most brilliant monitor of the conventional wisdom. In his mid-50s, he has reinvented himself as a cliché, as "a cross between a railroad conductor and a deputy sheriff." He has trained his face to impassivity, "because the truth is your hood looks up to the impassive: he

ON THE WAY TO DELPHI

Oedipus slew his father near this muddy field
the bus glides by as it glides by many another,
and Helicon is real; the muses hid and dwelled
on less than a mountain, on a stony hill we could climb
if the bus would stop and give us the afternoon.

From these small sites, now overrun by roads and fame,
dim chieftains stalked into the world's fog and grew huge.
Where shepherds sang their mistaken kings, stray factories
mar with cement, smoke, and tile the lean geology
that wants to forget—*has* forgotten—the myths it bred.

We pass stone slopes where houses, low, of stone, blend in
like utterings on the verge of sleep—accretions
scarce distinguishable from scree, on the uphill way
to architecture and law. No men are visible.
All out: Parnassus. The oracle's voice is wild.

John Updike

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loves the anesthetized look of the deputy, the sober cosmetics of the hanging judge. Give the public what it wants; the customer is always right."

In no other work does Elkin more clearly reveal the root of his obsession with the tired and overly true. "We die dropouts," Main says to Mr. Crainpool, in between taking shots at him.

I have questions. I'm up to here *with questions. I never needed to be happy; I only needed to know. Simple stuff. A dopey kid of the next century could tell me. If I could only live long enough I would sit at his feet as if he was Socrates and he'd tell me . . . What? Whether Dubuque ever made it into the majors. If there's crab grass on distant planets. . . . He'd rattle off the damn fool slogans of his time and I'd take them in like the Ten Commandments. What do I do with my wonder, I wonder.*

The future leans on Alexander Main "like a mountain range." Were he plugged into its hokey quotidian, were he fluent in the conventional wisdom to come, he would be impervious to death. For Elkin, cliché gives life a sacral intensity and mastery of it confers, perhaps, a certain immortality.

William Plummer

William Plummer is the book review editor at *Quest/79*.

The White Album
by Joan Didion

(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

"We tell ourselves stories in order to live." That's Joan Didion's primary strategy for survival, which she shares at the beginning of her new collection of essays, *The White Album*. Narratives make order and meaning out of the "shifting phantasmagoria which is our actual experience." They, along with occasional recourse to gin-and-hot-water, pills and trips to Hawaii, help Didion cope with the headaches, the attacks of vertigo and nausea, and the pervasive dread the state of the world evokes in her.

The therapy is working for Didion. She is surviving (though she's always close to the edge, she reminds us), and her reputation is thriving. In 1968 Didion, the reporter who described herself as "so small, so temperamentally unobtrusive, so neurotically inarticulate that people tend to forget that my presence runs counter to their best interests," showed she had a big literary imagination in her first book of essays, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. Quietly and ironically she looked at Americans, mostly Californians, and their 1960s "Life Styles." She made "stories" out of those lives, "dreams" out of the hopes and fears she sensed, "parables" out of occasions, "allegorical settlements" out of places, "heroes" and "myths" out of characters and careers. Out in the "golden land" she found people who had come in search of the boundless futures of their dreams, which rarely came true but were dreamed anyway, often desperately. Didion herself made up a few too sweeping tales out of bare facts, but often she caught some imaginative truth about living at that time and in those places in America. And the circle closed cozily: for many who came of age during the 1960s, reading Joan Didion—for the insights of the essays, for the spirit of anomie in the novels—became part of the lifestyle of the survivors of the decade.

The "temperamentally unobtrusive" reporter of a decade ago is now a literary figure who is taking her own pulse in her pages, not just observing American styles and states of mind. And that pulse is racing with anxiety. In the title essay of her new collection Didion announces "I began to doubt the premises of all the stories I had ever told myself." This Californian has lost her movie script, and sees only

flash pictures in variable sequence, images with no 'meaning' beyond their temporary arrangement, not a movie, but a cutting-room experience.

Obsessed by this radical disorder, Didion writes in an intense and agitated style—the style of the haunted characters of her novels. Instead of the often insightful, ironic, deft stories of her first collection, her new essays tend to lose their shape and sharpness in her angst.

The world outside this new and larger self in *The White Album* looks strikingly familiar. In most of the essays, previously published in various magazines between 1968 and 1978, Didion is still writing about the 1960s, and the golden land. But the revealing stories, the little ironies she once found in the 1960s aren't there anymore. Janis Joplin, Eldridge Cleaver, Huey Newton, Hollywood people, music people, students demonstrating, bizarre murders—the old cast, the old dramas—flash quickly in and out, signifying very little.

If Didion serves up the bewildering

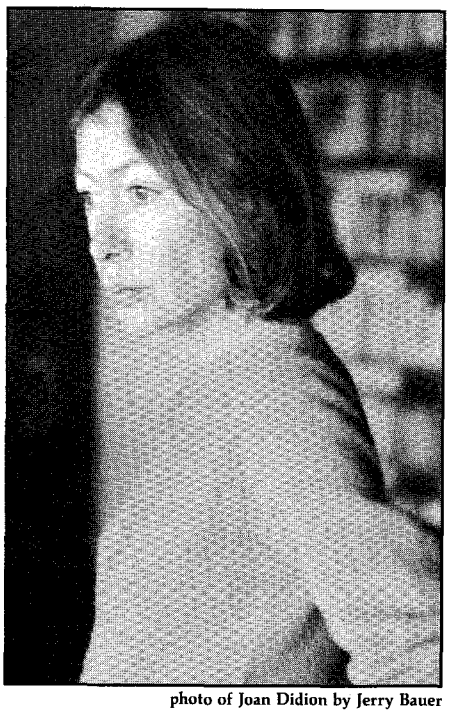

photo of Joan Didion by Jerry Bauer

1960s warmed over and without neat narrative lines, her literary imagination resumes its exertions when she writes about California. Unlike the past which overwhelms her, "a place" Didion says, "belongs forever to whoever claims it hardest, remembers it most obsessively, wrenches it from itself, shapes it, renders it, loves it so radically that he remakes it in his own image." She discovers a "California parable" in obsessions with water and the dams that control it; "a perfect Rorschach of its audience" in a bike movie, which "is a kind of underground folk literature for adolescents" out West; a "man who was a Michelin to his time and place" in California's Bishop James Pike, a figure without "memory or mooring."

She finds a less high-flown, more intriguing story in a California building.

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As she tells it, the governor's residence built by Reagan but never occupied is not, as Jerry Brown calls it, a "Taj Mahal." This house, with walls "resembling" local adobe, beams "resembling" native redwood, a "refreshment center," and a scarcity of bookshelves, is in fact simply and surprisingly an enlarged version of a common kind of California tract house. Jerry Brown can't admit it, but Didion can: this house of his constituents' dreams just isn't his style, though he knows and she knows "there is no way to say this without getting into touchy and evanescent and finally inadmissable questions of taste, and ultimately of class."

But this collection of essays is not mainly about society, the 1960s or the California style. It is the woman who grew up "convinced that the heart of darkness lay not in some error of social organization but in man's own blood" who is at the heart of this dark book. Didion is chronically afflicted with "bad nerves" and "bad dreams," and she cannot "[escape] the personal, [mask] for a while that dread of the meaninglessness that is man's fate." In an interview Didion spoke of writing personal essays and emphasized the hostility involved in

> *trying to make somebody see something the way you see it, trying to impose your idea, your picture. It's hostile to try to wrench around someone else's mind that way. Quite often you want to tell somebody your dream, your nightmare. Well, nobody wants to hear about someone else's dream, good or bad; nobody wants to walk around with it. The writer is always tricking the reader into listening to the dream.*

But Didion doesn't play by her own rules. She doesn't bother with tricks, she simply unburdens herself. "Another flash cut," she announces and then launches into a transcription of her psychiatric report, compiled in 1968 when she suffered an attack of vertigo and nausea. It offers such unenlightening jargon as "obsessive-compulsive devices," "regressive libidinal preoccupations," "underlying psychotic process." And there's no help from Didion, only a touch of smugness: "By way of comment I offer only that an attack of vertigo and nausea does not now seem to me an inappropriate response to the summer of 1968."

Didion also reveals that she suffers from severe migraine headaches and has been diagnosed as having multiple sclerosis, a terrifying disease whose painful inroads are impossible to predict. "It was another story without a narrative" being told in her own nerves for Didion; but for the rest of us isn't her affliction just another tidbit we'll carry around, feeling it doesn't quite belong to us, until we let it drop to dampen some conversation?

If it seems presumptuous that Didion feels no need to offer any justifications for sharing her nightmares, it turns out not to be very enlightening when she tries to. When she announces that she and her husband are in Hawaii "in lieu of filing for divorce," she immediately takes off on an explanation of this confidence (not nearly the most noteworthy of her many):

> *I tell you this not as an aimless revelation but because I want you to know, as you read me, precisely who I am and where I am and what is on my mind. I want you to understand exactly what you are getting: you are getting a woman who for some time now has felt radically separated from most of the ideas that seem to interest other people. You are getting a woman who somewhere along the line misplaced whatever slight faith she ever had in the social contract, in the meliorative principle, in the whole grand pattern of human endeavor.*

What, *precisely*, is this torrent supposed to tell us? She goes on:

> *I could indulge here in a little idle generalization, could lay off my own state of profound emotional shock on the larger cultural breakdown, could talk fast about convulsions in the society and alienation and anomie and maybe even assassination, but that would be just one more stylish shell-game. I am not the society in microcosm. I am a thirty-four-year-old woman with long straight hair and an old bikini bathing suit and bad nerves. . . .* [1969]

What is all this about? Is Didion chastising herself for her past "stylish shell-games," making people Michelins to their time and place, or is she trying to say something about her vision of the ultimately personal nature of experience, and if so, what? This radical confusion about why Joan Didion is baring her soul is not the best way to trick us into reading her dreams. In fact, we don't even want or need tricks; I think we just want to know *why* Didion wants to expose such raw, private experience, to feel that we are walking around with her bad dreams for some other reason than that she's self-indulgent and we're morbidly curious. But Didion, when asked by an interviewer about her motivations for personal revelation (in particular this disclosure about marital strain), didn't clear up the confusion:

> *I could say I was writing to myself, and of course I was, but it's a little more complicated than that. I mean the fact that eleven million people were going to see that page didn't exactly escape my attention. There's a lot of mystery to me about writing and performing and showing off in general. I know a singer who throws up every time she has to go onstage. But she still goes on.*

Apparently writing about herself is more of an ordeal than a release for Didion. And since she has said she doesn't expect anyone else to enjoy reading her dark dreams, it's puzzling and disconcerting that she has made them the grim feature story of this collection.

Ann Hulbert

Gershom Scholem: Kabbalah and Counter-History by David Biale

(Harvard University Press; $16.50)

Gershom Scholem, now in his early 80s and powerfully at work, has achieved a unique eminence in contemporary Jewish thought. This uniqueness begins to transcend definition, since it is hardly sufficient to describe Scholem as the leading historical scholar of Jewish mysticism. Without wholly intending to take up such a stance, Scholem has become a kind of prophet of a still-emerging Jewish spirituality that has little or no relation to the normative rabbinical tradition. His writings, however insistently historical, begin to provide the basis for another Jewish Gnosis, perhaps the inevitable religion of Jewish intellectuals for whom the doctrine of Akiba is dead. Foreshadowed

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by the late Martin Buber, whose obscurantism Scholem himself destructively exposed, the Scholemian vision has displaced Buber's "dialogical" idealizings, and given a new life to Jewish Gnosticism or Kabbalah.

A paradox of Scholem's thought is that it is both forceful and evasive, but that is an ancient stigma of heretical religion. David Biale's sensitive and learned study of Scholem adroitly observes both the force and the evasiveness, while providing materials that augment the reader's knowledge of Scholem's original context in German-Jewish historiography and theology. Biale, a young scholar in Judaic studies, is remarkably dispassionate in this, his first book, but there is a clear undercurrent of fascinated sympathy in his tracing of Scholem's esoteric intricacies, as in his conclusion that: "The study of esoteric Jewish mysticism is perhaps the best preparation for the religious spark that is now so well hidden."

That image of the "spark" is itself overtly Kabbalistic, and pervades Scholem's own language. In an interview of 1975, Scholem rightly insisted that: "The Judaism of today . . . is not the Judaism of Moses." He could have added Akiba and Maimonides to Moses, since his subsequent language emphasized the mystical rather than the normative element in Jewish survival:

> *We are unable to explain to ourselves what sparks functioned and sustained whatever remained alive in all these processes. It is altogether a riddle how Judaism and the Jewish people have held out. A large part of the Jewish people has almost always fallen away. So it is important to find out what has sustained us.*

The "spark" is the Kabbalistic version of the Gnostic *pneuma* or self as contrasted to the *psyche* or soul. Scholem's saving remnants of Jewry, in his "counter-history" of Judaism, are always continuators of the Gnostic self, whether they are Merkabah mystics, Kabbalists, heretical Sabbatians and Frankists, or ostensibly normative Hasidim. Biale scrupulously records the objections of Scholem's critics to this counter-history, which perhaps has overcompensated for the derogation that Kabbalah suffered in previous, more dogmatically rationalist Jewish historical accounts. Yet Biale convincingly awards the palm to Scholem over his opponents.

Biale's best pages, in a generally persuasive volume, come where he examines the relationship of Scholem to the crisis of Jewish theology. Scholem's Judaism is self-contradictory (deliberately so) as well as aggressively pluralistic. A determined theistic secularism, bordering upon nihilism, Scholem's vision makes sense precisely and only because it exists in the context of Kabbalah, which is necessarily an oxymoronic linguistic doctrine. "Jewish Gnosticism" is after all a contradiction in itself, since the Creator-God of the Jews cannot be reconciled with the Alien God, above Creation and at one with the Abyss, of the Gnostics. In our post-Holocaust time, the unknown God of Scholem, contracted and withdrawn from our cosmos, seems more available than the normative God of Akiba and Maimonides. Biale's book, in opening up the study of Sholem, should help us see how high a price we must pay for Sholem's theology, if indeed Kabbalah proves to be all that is truly available to many contemporary Jewish intellectuals in their quest for some trace of traditional belief.

Harold Bloom

Harold Bloom, professor of humanities at Yale, is the author of *Kabbalah and Criticism* (Seabury) and of a current novel, *The Flight of Lucifer: A Gnostic Fantasy* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Summer reading for children

Two hundred children's books strewn across my desk. Some are poetic marvels dimmed only by cartoonish pen swipes. Others are brilliantly illustrated but shrouded in flat prose. Pare the group down to 30 books: brief, two-sentence reviews of each? Or pick the "bestest, betterest, bestestmost," as Edward Lear once said? I opt for the latter and begin: summer reading for children at its best; books they won't outgrow with time.

What are the qualities of a moving story? Perhaps it is the recognition in our own hearts of certain human weaknesses and strengths; the truths we see in life that transcend the simple boundaries of age or time. *Words By Heart* (Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown; $7.95), by Ouida Sebestyen, is a remarkable book about a young black girl, Lena Sills, and her family, as they journey from the still repressive South around the turn of the century to the promise of freedom in the West.

In her new town, Lena must recite the Scriptures by heart for an important contest at school. She is determined to prove her prowess before the all-white community, and matches her final opponent word for word, never at a loss for the one verse that so aptly reflects her state of mind:

> *'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Because she was going to win. They would never laugh at her again or eye her funny clothes, because they would be thinking of her Magic Mind, her amazing memory.*

Lena holds out until the end and wins, but her pleasure is short-lived when she's awarded the prize: a blue bow tie, clearly meant for her opponent. Fiercely disappointed, Lena turns to her father, a source of unwavering guidance, who reminds his daughter that "rewards don't prove you're somebody, Lena. When you're somebody inside yourself, you don't need to be told."

Words By Heart is filled with such common-sense wisdom. Lena is repeatedly made to see that she can triumph over her personal misfortunes, until they no longer have the power to keep her down. It is a book filled, too, with country paths and the hot summer sun. Finally, *Words By Heart* is a story of adventure and learning and the inescapable reality of death, as Lena and her family are threatened by small-town prejudices. There is so much honesty and hope in this delicate tale that one cannot help but be moved by the prophetic words of Lena's father, words he knew by heart: "Something always comes to fill the empty places. Something comes to take the place of what you lose."

Susan Shreve's *Family Secrets: Five Very Important Stories* (Knopf; $5.95), is all about the things we lose as a child, and how the family fills the space with love. In these short stories—literally family

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secrets borrowed from her eldest son, Porter—Susan Shreve portrays the awesome power of the family to sustain its members in times of trouble.

This is no idealized, sunny portrait of family life; it is realistic, touching and full of natural humor. Sammy worries about divorce ("I'd be crazy not to. About half my friends' parents are divorced or separated or something . . ."); he wonders if he's at least partly responsible for the suicide of the young student next door and, after cheating on his math test at school, Sammy's scared that he's rotten to the core. "I came straight home from school, went to my room, and lay on the floor trying to decide whether it would be better to run away from home now or after supper. Mostly I wished I was dead."

Richard Cuffari, who died before completing the illustrations for *Family Secrets*, managed to create a series of pencil sketches for each story that perfectly complement this sensitive book.

It's hard to say whether Ruth Bornstein's prose or illustrations shine more vividly in *The Dancing Man* (A Clarion Book/Seabury Press; $6.95), for both are exceptional. *The Dancing Man* uses no color—just the infinite variations of the pencil stroke—at once full of scratchy beards, the smooth expanse of sand, the glint of the sun against the haystacks. The story is about a boy who lives in a land where no one sings or dances. Joseph stands alone on the beach one day and is met by an old man on the shore. "He wore a long red coat, a tall green hat, and on his feet a pair of silver shoes. 'I'm the Dancing Man,' he said, 'and I have a gift for you,'" and with that, the Dancing Man disappears, leaving only his shoes. It is Joseph's task to carry on the traditions of the Dancing Man, to spread the joy of inspired movement throughout the land.

Joseph travels from one village to the next, teaching the people to dance, the weary pedlar to laugh, the sick girl to smile. When at last he nears the end of his travels, Joseph comes face to face with a farmer harvesting the fields:

> *Suddenly the road seemed too long, the journey too lonely. 'The farmer is blessed with a good life,' thought Joseph. 'He lives in a snug house. He works the land. He reaps a fine harvest.'*

But then Joseph begins to dance. "The farmer leaned on his pitchfork and watched. Then his old face shone with understanding. . . . Suddenly Joseph laughed. 'Why, I too am blessed. I too reap a fine harvest. . . . And I share my fine harvest with everyone I meet.'"

A good animal story is hard to find these days. They're usually watered-down versions of Peter Rabbit, and the characters could easily be replaced by creatures from outer space. In other words, the animal is not intrinsic to the telling of the story. Happily, *Angela and Bear* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $7.50), written and illustrated by Susan Jeschke, besides being one of the better-produced children's books this season, is also quite funny and wholly in the small realm of *believable* animal stories.

There is something endearing about a big white polar bear being ridden through the streets of a city by a gawky seven-year-old girl. The bear appears, by the way, after Angela buys a package of magic crayons from an old man in the zoo with a cheshire cat curled around his knobby ankles. After visiting Lola, her favorite bear, Angela takes the crayons home and decides to draw a picture of the bear. It looks so real on paper that she insists the bear "come out of the picture," which, of course, it does.

Susan Jeschke's pencil captures the multitudinous expressions of excitement on the face of a child. You can see Angela's heavenly bliss when Bear emerges; her smug pleasure as she catches a fish from the side of a pier, Bear looking on intently; her "oh boy, I get to sleep with the bear tonight" look; the serene joy of skating side by side across a frozen lake with Bear; the pure thrill of riding *bear*-back down a snowy hill. It's all there in Angel's face—a detail all too often overlooked in the pages of childrens' books.

The story takes an unfortunate turn when Angela allows Bear to visit Lola at the zoo. Bear—being male, one would guess—rather likes to stay in Lola's cage. Angela—being Angela and quite determined to have her way—is not about to give up Bear. Angela cajoles him back into his picture, but he stubbornly refuses to come back out once they leave the zoo. The solution is obvious. Angela is tough for a seven-year-old, but her heart is just too big. Bear and Lola get back together again, and Angela goes home. (But who is to say what happened to those magic crayons?)

Hosie's Aviary (Viking; $10) is an animal story of a different sort. Illustrated by Leonard Baskin, it is one of the most accomplished picture books of the season, as well as an uneven but spirited book of poetry, written by members of the Baskin family. An aviary is a large

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sanctuary, designed to hold a bird in measured confinement. But the birds of *Hosie's Aviary* are confined only by the limits of page; these beautifully enraged watercolors bespeak a surging element of flight.

The kingfisher is perched upon a floating bow, its watery blue feathers set against the pale oranges of a waning afternoon sun. A dark green eagle, struck boldly against the blaze of a fiery red ball, its eye sharp, its beak crooked, "perches on a branch of sun, up so high that soon its patient blood will start to boil." A blue heron languishes across an ocean of sand, the moon caught in its eye, while the egret, a glorious haze of jungle greens and burry brown mane, provokes a question: "Long hair and pencil bill, does this egret write poems?" But it's the finches, yellow waves of free flight amid a parched blue sky, that "sing that all life is interdependent." *Hosie's Aviary* is as much a work of fine art as a semi-alphabet of birds. Truly a book for all ages.

No reading list for children would be complete without a monster story. Imagine a silken orange creature with a curled lion's mane, elephant tusks, and eyes that bulge like waxing moons in the evening sky. Imagine, too, that this creature feeds on angry dreams, swallowing every inch of nightmare off the surface of the mind like glassy bubbles dissolving in air. *The Dream Eater* (Bradbury Press; $8.95) by Christian Garrison is a peaceable folktale, in spite of its unearthly dragons and griffins, and mostly because of its baku, the dream-eating creature that saves Yukio's small village from destruction.

Diane Goode's ink-on-parchment paintings are reminiscent of the ancient Japanese scrolls she used in researching the illustrations for *The Dream Eater*. Yukio despairs of a ravaging dream. He turns to his mother for comfort, but she too is troubled by an unsettling nightmare. It's difficult to draw winter, but Goode here captures in the frozen dream of Yukio's mother the hard, transparent spindles of the winter blue icicles that fill her dream. Yukio turns next to his father, then his grandfather, and finally, to the village's samurai soldier, but all are beseiged by dreams more frightening than the first. "Go away," laments his grandfather, losing sleep over the dream that has him eaten up by an ocean storm, "[i]t is just a time for bad dreams."

Yukio has all but given up when he meets the baku. It has fallen headfirst into the swirling waves of the ocean, and Yukio instinctively throws out a strong vine to pull the creature to safety. As a measure of gratitude (and because it's deliriously hungry), the baku is led to Yukio's village, where it feasts on the fat of everyone's nightmare. But none is so deliciously appetizing as Yukio's dream, the "three-headed demon upon a dragon with twenty eyes." The baku savors every morsel till the dream is swallowed up and trapped inside the belly of the now-contented baku, ending this wondrously imaginative tale.

Children are drawn to detail in illustrations. Peter Spier, one of the masters of meticulously detailed drawings for children, once remarked that young readers "like to go back to a drawing, they like to walk around in it, they like to go back the following day and discover an elephant's tail sticking out from behind a wall that they didn't see yesterday." *The King's Collection* (Doubleday; $6.95), written by Ruth Craft and illustrated by Elisa Trimby, should delight detail-lovers young and old.

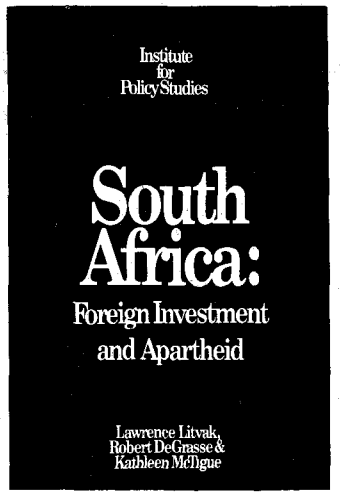
The king is an inveterate collector, fond of objects "different in shape, color and size." There are pens and bells and shovels and door handles and a punch bowl big enough for swimming. There are 16 different toothbrushes, a jacket full of buttons with "Pearly King" spelled across the back, pictures of famous robbers, and lots of little biscuit cutters.

The king spares nothing. A typical day at the beach uncovers "razor shells, whelk, winkle and cockle shells . . . cowrie and conch shells and hundreds of small rattly shells . . . ," not to mention the "rubber boot, a pink comb, a cheese grater and a box with six dog collars inside." The king is hooked and so is the reader; there are so many little things to look at on each page that one can return again and again to find another object missed the time before.

But alas, even so marvelous an invention as the king's collection loses its splendor: the day comes when the king's finery leaves him bored and miserable. To make matters worse, the king gets the flu and is left to his bed, his head buzzing with strange noises.

What the king wanted, and what he didn't have, was a collection of pleasant sounds. Quiet sounds. Sounds that would make him feel peaceful and rested. He wanted to hear the sound of the sea . . . the faraway drumming of horses' hooves . . . the drip-drop of the last few raindrops falling on leaves after a summer shower.

In the US this book costs a few dollars. In South Africa it could cost you 5 years to life imprisonment.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And he does. Without leaving his bed, and with a little help from his collection. The sounds of imagination, the king discovers, are most precious of them all.

The man who drives the Baobab car collects dirt. At least he doesn't mind an occasional splat of mud on his seat, and as a matter of fact, never bothers to clean his car at all. *The Baobab Car* (Barron's; $3.95), by Jacqueline Held and Arnaud Laval, is a wildly imaginative story, based, I hope, partly on fact. Because the man loved dogs, a fox terrier, a basset hound and a greyhound would always accompany him on his trips. Friends were always welcome to ride, even if their shoes were muddy. And when they all went to the beach and the car got filled with sand, the man would smile and say, "It doesn't matter. Sand is used to clean things. It takes away dirt and it makes the chrome all shiny."

But then one breezy spring day a trail of baobab seeds blows through the open window of the car and takes root in the dirt and mud. Before long a tiny twig pops out of the floor along with some grass and other sundry weeds. The grass eventually stops growing, but the baobab tree does not; when it finally grows so tall that the man must cut a hole in the top of his car, "the-man-who-never-cleaned-his-car" wondered why he had never thought of buying a convertible in the first place.

The illustrations are simple: clean lines, lots of circles on the passing cars and street lights, squares and rectangles on each building front, lots of bright oranges, deep-sea blues and real purples. And the baobab tree looks perfectly natural riding through the city streets, as does the basset hound, which has made its home high in the branches. "Maybe one day when you're walking down the street, you'll happen to see the baobab car, and you'll recognize it right off." I hope so. I may even stop cleaning my car.

Fran Moshos

Fran Moshos works for a Washington publisher and writes stories for children.

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Washington Diarist

No Apologies

A couple of weeks ago folk singer Joan Baez placed a full-page advertisement in several major newspapers consisting of an open letter to the government of Vietnam, signed by her and 84 other former anti-war activists. The letter, which eloquently protested Vietnam's systematic violations of human rights, evoked smug I-told-you-so's from those who think our only sin in Vietnam was that we lost. The *Washington Star* dutifully praised Baez's honesty but expressed doubt that she and her co-signers will "ever take the intellectual and emotional step it would require for them to repudiate their anti-war activities." The *Star* took her criticism of the Vietnamese as proof that our intervention in Vietnam was a good thing after all. This sort of crude thinking suggests that the editors of the *Star* lack the ability to make crucial distinctions. All things considered, the various dictators we propped up in South Vietnam were probably marginally preferable to the current regime, but not so much better that one could justify the appalling cost of keeping them in power. One must suppose that the *Star*'s editors are willing to defend the manner in which the US conducted the war, since they offer no criticism of it. For those who have short memories, let us review what destruction the US helped to bring to Vietnam (leave aside what we did to Cambodia and the rest of Indochina). We contributed to the deaths of half a million civilians through bombing and napalming of villages. We helped to turn three and a half million people into refugees, many of them forcibly relocated, many others made homeless by our air strikes. Between 1964 and 1971 we dropped more bombs on Southeast Asia than we dropped in all of World War II. No one doubts that the Vietnamese have suffered greatly under their new rulers, but it's hard to make a case that they were better off when the US had 500,000 troops in their country. Joan Baez has nothing to apologize for, but the *Star* and other pro-war apologists have plenty.

Recently Colman McCarthy, a columnist for the *Washington Post* who writes mostly about religious issues, attended a Washington "peace convocation" and came away disappointed by the tepid radicalism of the clergymen who addressed the meeting. McCarthy commended them for warning of the "evils of militarism" but lamented the "squishy thinking that can't see the link between flourishing militarism and the payment of taxes that support it." McCarthy says that if enough people quit paying the share of their taxes that goes to the Pentagon, then the government would have only two choices—"arrest every last one of the brazen or get out of the war and weapons business." One can only guess what McCarthy means when he says that the US should get out of the "war and weapons business." Does he mean that the US should merely stop intervening in foreign wars? Or that it should restrict itself to self-defense? Or that it should simply disarm completely? McCarthy is perfectly capable of writing a precise sentence, so I suspect he chose this vague phrase just to avoid having to deal with such messy questions. If his idea that people should pay only those taxes they think are well-spent ever catches hold, I doubt McCarthy would like the result. Most Americans, I suspect, would withhold their taxes for welfare, Social Security, foreign aid and assorted other liberal programs that McCarthy has not been heard to denounce. And the programs that would be left wouldn't be the ones that Colman McCarthy approves of.

I'm all for religious toleration, but as a more or less orthodox Calvinist I have mixed feelings about the ecumenical movement. Insofar as it involves different denominations trying to find areas of agreement, I think it's a good thing; insofar as it involves different denominations (particularly my own) watering down their traditional doctrines simply to minimize disagreement, I think it's a bad thing. My own United Presbyterian Church still subscribes to the Westminster Confession, probably the loveliest and certainly the most thorough statement of reformed doctrine ever written. But a stranger walking into a typical Presbyterian worship service would never detect the slightest whiff of Calvinism. Most churches and ministers simply have discarded some of the more controversial beliefs, like predestination, and softened others, like original sin and salvation by grace. Nowadays there's not much to distinguish a Presbyterian from a Methodist, a Baptist or an Episcopalian, at least as far as theology goes. Where this trend will ultimately lead, as suggested by St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Manhattan, is not where I think churches should go. Two weeks ago, the *New York Times* reports, St. Peter's was the scene of a joint service of Christians and Jews. Some of the Jews who attended later objected, understandably, to the recitation of the Apostle's Creed and the display of crosses in the sanctuary. What their objections suggest, though, is not that each group should relinquish its most important symbols but that each group should worship separately. Otherwise why should Christians and Jews have their own religions? Why not just merge and find a new name for both? The reason is that what would be left would be a meaningless, mass-media sort of religion. Christianity without the cross is not Christianity, and Judaism with the cross is not Judaism. Christians and Jews certainly should live in peace together and respect one another's beliefs, but they shouldn't try to pretend that they have no religious differences worth mentioning. One theologian interviewed by the *Times* said an explanation for the joint service was that "more and more people are taking religion seriously." The people who attended may take religion seriously, but I wonder whether they take God seriously.

There are other interesting developments on the subject of Vietnam. I was pleasantly surprised to see this headline in the *Times* a few weeks ago: "Dean Rusk Joins Dissecters of Vietnam War." Finally, I thought, Rusk was ready to confess his crimes. I was disappointed. Rusk spoke at Dartmouth and confessed nothing but an unblemished record of moderation. "Until 1967 the greatest critics we had were those who wanted us to use more force," he said. "President Johnson acted with great restraint and this is difficult when there is power available that is not being used." I am not impressed by this logic. How can one act with restraint if there is *not* power available that is not being used? At any rate, the only thing the former secretary of state regretted, aside perhaps from waging such a restrained war, was the press coverage of the war. "There's a vast context of normality which never gets noticed out of which we could build," he said, again displaying his gift for the opaque phrase. "If another war like Vietnam comes up"—how Mr. Rusk yearns for the halcyon days of American globalism—"the leaders and the Congress should take a hard look at censorship such as we had during World War II." How much kinder history would have been to Rusk if he and his henchmen had been able to devastate Vietnam in private.

S.C.

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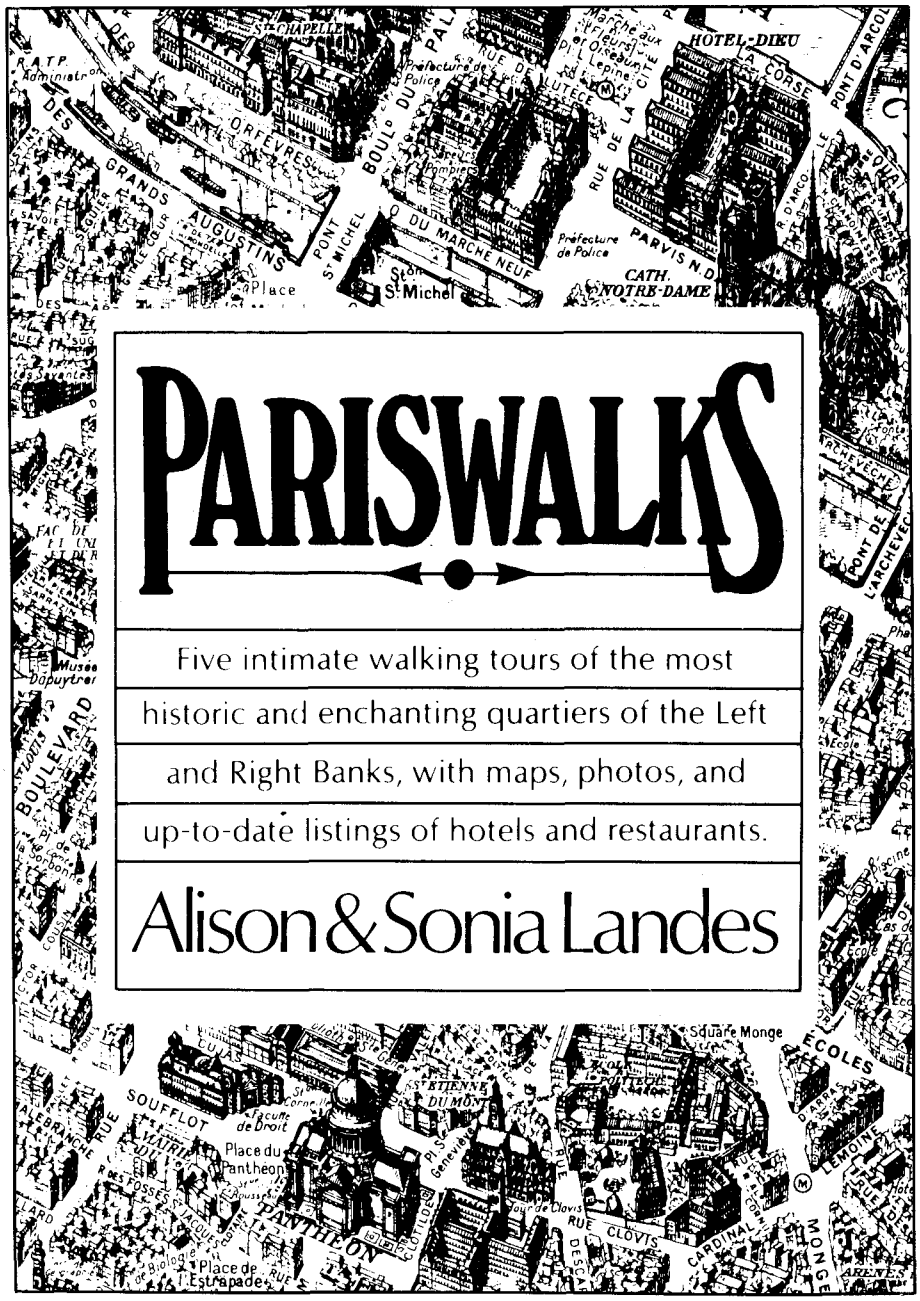
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